

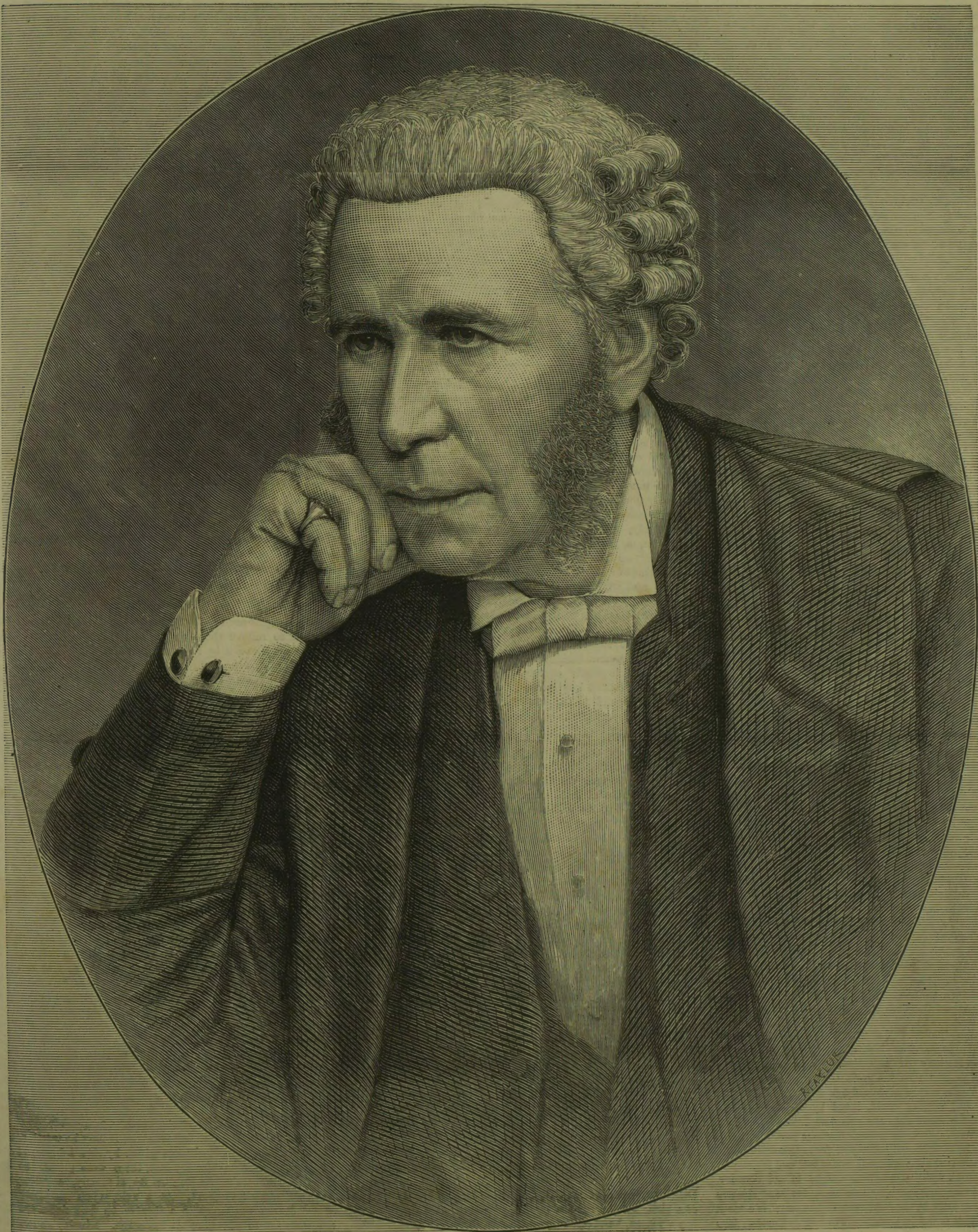
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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
AND COLOURED SUPPLEMENT } By Post, 6³d.



THE LATE LORD FARNBOROUGH (SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY),
LATE CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



Gentry who consider the best part of horse-racing to be its "glorious uncertainty" must have enjoyed themselves vastly over the French Derby, for which two outsiders, or one outsider and one "intermediate," at odds of 40 to 1 against Upas and 10 to 1 against Sycomore, ran a dead-heat on the 23rd inst. Nor did Comte De Berteux and Baron Schickler, the respective owners, "run it off": they preferred to "divide," as the owners (Count F. De Lagrange and M. Michel Ephrussi) of Dandin and St. James had done in 1882, when those two horses ran a dead-heat for the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby) in 1882; and as Sir J. Willoughby and Mr. Hammond (owners of Harvester and St. Gatien, respectively) did in 1884. It may be considered, then, that a "precedent" has by this time been not only set but firmly established for "dividing" after a dead-heat for even the Epsom Derby. It used to be thought (as the spirits of Cadland and The Colonel might be summoned from the vasty deep to testify) that an "épreuve nulle," as the French call it, positively must be run off in the case of such a race as the Derby or St. Leger, else there would be (in England) an earthquake or (in France) a revolution. So that we have outlived another superstition. By-the-way, the papers have treated the matter as if the dead-heat between Dandin and St. James were the only "épreuve nulle" that had occurred for the French Derby before this year; but there have been at least two others, only they were "run off." Renonce (M. De Pontalba's) won in 1843 after a dead-heat with Mr. T. Carter's Prospero, and Lion (Prince Marc De Beauvau's) in 1856 after an "épreuve nulle" with the very inferior Diamant (Count de Morny's) who in the "run off" could scarcely see the way Lion went.

The result of the French Derby would have been regarded gladly by certain sanguine expectants as a shadow of the coming event to be decided three days later at Epsom. Otherwise, said they, what hope was there of any excitement? There, surely, never was so poor a Derby. "When went there by an age since the great Flood," but Rome had more than one man—though he were a Julius Caesar—to boast of, and the Derby had more than one horse—though he were an Ormonde—to put some sort of confidence in? Why should not he "walk over," if he were so very sure of winning? There was never yet known a "w.o." for the Epsom Derby; and the novelty itself would be refreshing. Not Riddlesworth (in 1831), not Wild Dayrell (in 1855), not Macgregor himself (in 1870) had been so warm a favourite as "this here Ormonde"; he might just as well walk over and have done with it, for he had paralysed everybody and everything—owners, "osses," and odds. Still there was a straw of hope to cling to by keeping this dead-heat between the two French outsiders well in view, or feeding on memories of Macgregor and his mysterious collapse, or reflecting how in the "good old times" a Little Wonder (said to be about six years old, but "wonderfully well preserved") would beat a Lancelot for the Derby; or, finally, hugging a comfortable recollection of the general fact that, up to this year, out of 106 Derbies the favourite was "bowled over" seventy times. We now know all about it, and what fate was in store for "the boy in yellow": Archer on Ormonde won, and might as well have walked over.

Exhibition follows Exhibition, and sight-seeing, like speech-making, is the order of the day. And this peculiarly modern form of enjoyment is not confined to England. While at Folkestone a splendid show of art treasures was opened with great éclat last Saturday, on Sunday the venerable Emperor of Germany inaugurated an International Art Exhibition at Berlin, which excited no little enthusiasm in the Fatherland. In our own country, Liverpool and Edinburgh are at the present moment achieving a great success; and insignificant indeed must be the town that does not have its Exhibition. There is a good and a bad side to most things. That industry and art are encouraged by bringing together in large buildings the work of many minds can scarcely be doubted. Such illustrations of what science and art can effect serve to quicken intellect and to excite emulation. On the other hand, the ordinary visitor rarely carries with him to these Exhibitions sufficient knowledge to appreciate them; and, while he finds much to talk about, it is possible he may learn little. Indeed, we have heard several honest pleasure-takers avow that they go, year by year, to the Exhibitions at South Kensington, not to inspect the objects displayed there, but to listen to the music and to see the company. Well, if these good folk do not gain knowledge, it must be admitted that they have learned how to amuse themselves in a pleasant and harmless fashion.

It is forty-six years since Macaulay's famous review of Von Ranke's "History of the Popes" appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and now the great German historian has passed away. To die at the advanced age of ninety, honoured by his country and by the world, loved by his friends, and with an intellect as clear as in the palmiest days of manhood is not a lot to be deplored. For conscientious research, for a mastery of details, as well as of principles, for accurate learning, and for the noble enthusiasm which gives life and dignity to history, Von Ranke holds a position unique in our century. To him Englishmen are specially beholden, for his "History of England principally in the Seventeenth Century," is a work the value of which it would be difficult to over-estimate. The period is one that even now can be scarcely judged of impartially by Englishmen, and it is, therefore, highly instructive to know how it is regarded by a German of generous sympathies and of the widest culture.

The energy and enterprise of South Australian colonists are not exhausted at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. We offer a tribute of admiration to the very interesting South Australian Court in this week's Exhibition Supplement. Adelaide follows, next year, with a Jubilee International Exhibition, to the permanent building for which the Parliament of South Australia contributes £32,000. Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales have graciously consented to become patrons. It may be taken as a sure guarantee of success that the chief Executive Commissioner will be Sir Samuel Davenport, who has taken the most active part in the organisation of the South Australian section of the London Exhibition. Pending the appointment of a Commission, information concerning the Jubilee Exhibition in Adelaide may be obtained from Mr. H. J. Scott, South Australian Court, Colonial and Indian Exhibition, S.W.

The debate on the Secret Service Fund, which took place on Monday, was skilfully conducted by official members, so as to obscure completely the real issue. There are, in fact, two Secret Service Funds, for one of which Parliament provides annually the sum which the Treasury, after consultation with the Secretaries of State, deems sufficient for the purposes of the year. Last year the sum voted by Parliament was £50,000; but so much of this sum as may not have been absolutely expended would be surrendered to the Exchequer. It is from this source that our Ambassadors and representatives abroad draw the funds necessary for obtaining secret intelligence; and, although the amount expended by them is but a trifle compared with that at the disposal of the representatives of other countries, it is generally allowed that we are at least as well served as our rivals. Of course, any attempt to know how the money is actually spent would defeat the object of the grant, and the certificate of the Minister sworn before one of the Judges (formerly before one of the Barons of the Exchequer) is deemed a full discharge, and sufficient evidence of the money having been properly applied. From this source also the Home Secretary, the Secretary for Ireland, and one or two others obtain funds for rewarding informers whose names must, for like reasons, be kept secret. The demands upon the fund fluctuate very much, according to the state of affairs at home and abroad; and it may be readily surmised that of late years the requirements of our Minister at Washington, and of the various Irish Secretaries, have been considerable.

The other Secret Service Fund is a fixed charge of £10,000, paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and consequently exempt from all Parliamentary control. It is handed over quarterly to the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury, who renders no account of its expenditure, gives no certificate that it is expended on any secret service for the safety of the State, and is allowed to accumulate in his own hands from year to year so much of the fund as he does not disburse. It is generally understood that "party purposes" alone determine its application. Formerly, when journeys to Westminster were costly, and the zeal of members even at party crises lukewarm, a judiciously administered "largesse" from the Secret Service Fund would ensure a punctual attendance at an important division. Latterly, the sum has been applied to starting and supporting party newspapers during electoral periods, to supplying candidates with funds requisite to contest seats where they had no local interest or private means, and generally for advancing the interests of the party in power. It was amusing to find that, although the last Liberal Government took no small credit for having passed a measure which would ensure the purity of elections, and reduce the cost of contests, yet only one member of that Cabinet was found to support Mr. Ryland's motion, and he does not form part of the present Administration.

If Ireland did not stop the way, it is probable that the best method of bringing the mother country and the colonies into closer union would be discussed more earnestly and persistently. Imperial Federation is a great question—perhaps the greatest—but its ultimate significance cannot as yet be fully estimated by parent or by children. History often takes a different view of events to that held by contemporaries, and it is possible that last year, when Mr. Dalley sent a contingent from New South Wales to fight by the side of our soldiers in the Soudan, he did more to bind Greater Britain together than any act of statesman has hitherto done. The men who so gallantly volunteered for that expedition said in effect, "We, too, are Englishmen, and the British flag is the outward and visible sign of a union unaffected by distance—and, indeed, is not the ocean our Queen's high road?" It may be said that this is sentiment. Be it so; but without sentiment and without enthusiasm there can be no true love of country, and without that love there can be no national greatness.

In Mr. Alma Tadema's Academy picture of the apodyterium, or disrobing-room, of a Roman bath, the window seen in the distance at the end of the corridor is bordered with small pieces of coloured glass. This would seem to denote that the picture is designed to illustrate quite a late period of imperial magnificence; for although windows of plain and of ground glass have been discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, the first positive mention of coloured glass in windows is made by Prudentius about the middle of the fourth century; and the first instance of its employment is the adornment of a Christian church. Statius, in the time of Domitian, speaks of tinted glass being used in the decoration of a bath, but the place of application was the ceiling. There is no reason, however, why the scene depicted by Mr. Alma Tadema may not have been intended for the fourth century, and in this case he will not have committed the anachronism of which some observers of his picture may have suspected him.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is in London, and there is no lover of fine literature who would not rejoice in the prospect of giving a personal welcome to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." The venerable author, however, does not come to England to be worried by popular demonstrations, and the greatest kindness his admirers can show him is to permit him to "take his ease in his inn." The best attention Englishmen can pay him is to gain a closer acquaintance with his charming works.

One of the most brilliant passages in Albany Fonblanque's "England under Seven Administrations" is notoriously the apologue of the bear of Berne, on the safe custody of which the weal of the Commonwealth was supposed to depend; the dismay of the citizens when the bear died and could not be replaced; and their resolution, when no calamity occurred in consequence, to retrench the bear from the State Budget for the future. Having assumed this parable to be Fonblanque's own invention, we have been shocked to find it in the "Patriot's Calendar" for 1796. The application, indeed, is not quite the same. Fonblanque's bear symbolises the mitre, the Calendar's bear the crown; and it is needless to add that Fonblanque has greatly heightened and polished his predecessor's diction. There is nothing in the Calendar about "the unbearable calamity of being without a bear."

Of the brave men who took part in the never-to-be-forgotten charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, death has, in the course of thirty-three years, marked many for its own; but several survive, and are still hearty in the prime of life. It is pleasant to read, in the first column of the *Times* this week, that Captain George Warwick Hunt, who rode to glory with his regiment, the 4th Hussars, on that memorable occasion, was married on the 22nd inst. We cordially congratulate the gallant officer, and wish him many years of life to enjoy his happiness.

Those who have had the opportunity of reading the New England newspapers during the past six months will not be at a loss to understand the keenness with which the causes of an apparently good quarrel over the Fisheries Question have been seized upon with avidity by our astute American cousins. For a long time there has been a constant complaining of the decline of the American fishery trade, and of the exorbitant prices charged for fish brought by American boats. The results of a high bounty system, coupled with the benefits of a protective tariff, are beginning to be felt by the dwellers in the sea-bound States of New England; and it is not surprising that an agitation should be set on foot ostensibly to remove Canadian privileges, but in reality to shut off Canadian competition. The Dominion, on the one hand, supports a far larger fishing-fleet and fishing population than the States; and, on the other hand, is able to undersell the American fishermen not only in neutral and Canadian, but even in the United States markets. Lord Salisbury, during his tenure of office, was able to settle, in a manner satisfactory to all parties, the long-standing difficulties (which dated from 1811) between France and Newfoundland respecting the fishing rights round the coasts of that island; and it may be, therefore, hoped that Lord Rosebery will not be less successful in arranging the present misunderstanding, which has now nearly attained the allowed term of three score and ten years, having first cropped up in 1818.

The Borgias are the darling children of legend, and every attempt to relieve their history of its cloud of myth seems only to complicate it by fresh errors. Now comes an article in *Harper's Monthly*, written with the laudable purpose of refuting the romantic inventions respecting the death of Pope Alexander VI., and, as respects this particular object, quite satisfactory. The writer, however, deviates into details which are wholly incorrect. Assuming that the late Pope must have had a Cardinal-nephew, he mentions Cardinal Cibo among the most influential Cardinals in the conclave that elected Alexander. There was no Cibo in the Sacred College during Alexander's pontificate. He quotes Gregorovius for the statement that the remains of Alexander were taken to the Church of Santa Maria in Montserrat (near Barcelona). The words in parentheses are not to be found in Gregorovius, who knew that Santa Maria de Montserrat is the church of the Spaniards in Rome.

When Royalty honours a theatre with its presence, it pays for its seat. This fact, though it should be apparent after a little thought, is not generally known; it being supposed that the "Royal box" is either the personal property of the Crown, or else is always placed at the disposal of the Royal family by the manager of the house. In France things are arranged in a similar spirit, and the President is not on the free-list. An exception was made the other evening at the Gymnase. M. Grévy attended the performance, and the "control" asked him if he would kindly honour them by accepting his box without payment. The President condescended to do so for once, on the ground that "he was so pleased with the performance." The acquiescence was more gracious than the reason was logical. If a person is not to pay anything because he likes the entertainment provided, it certainly seems out of order that he should do so when it does not afford him the amusement he anticipated.

Referring to Royalty and theatres, it may be worth noting that at a special performance given by Mrs. Langtry at the Prince's Theatre on Monday last, there were present no less than six members of the English Royal family, including two future Kings of England. As a rule, when the Prince of Wales determines to go to a theatre, he does not allow the management to advertise his intention. Monday's entertainment being given in aid of a deserving charity, H.R.H. departed from his usual rule, and permitted the attractions of his personal popularity to be added to the attraction of the programme.

Of all good things there is, perhaps, not one of which a reasonable man would cherish less confident expectation than a piece of good poetry in the Royal Academy catalogue, when not a quotation from a poet of established celebrity. In the catalogue for 1835, however, "a bacchanalian subject, embossed in sheet silver," by T. Sharp, is accompanied by lines professedly derived from a MS. source, not unworthy of Dryden or Keats:—

So, from the joyous feast, a reeling throng
Of revellers poured in staggering groups along;
Satyrs and sylvan gods; and there, in state,
Silent on his solemn donkey sate,
Whose yielding haunches sunk upon the ground,
Drunk as the cavalcade that rolled around;
And there, all steeped in wine, was Bacchus found,
With charms of love and drunken gladness bound.
While, in their train, did bright-eyed wood-nymphs join,
With lute and cymbal chanting mighty wine.

Mr. T. Sharp was a sculptor of merit. If his "MS. Poems" contained many things like the above they ought to be inquired for.

Soldiers, above all classes, have a respect for tradition. When the numbers, by which regiments had formerly been designated, were altered to the names of counties, many an old officer felt that one step had been taken towards the extinction of his beloved battalion. That they have not yet forgotten the fancied insult is proved by looking over a list of the advertised regimental dinners, which take place at this season of the year. Almost without exception, the regiments advertise themselves by their old titles, and print their annihilated numbers in as large type as is accessible.

Tobacco smoke, we are frequently told, is a poison; and it is certain that from the fragrant weed a most deadly poison, called nicotine, can be extracted. Unfortunately, however, for the contention of the anti-smokers, people who are in the habit of indulging continually in the popular vice—if vice it be—occasionally live to a very great age, thereby proving, at the worst, that tobacco-smoking is a poison so slow as to be imperceptible. As an example of this—a fair example, too—comes from Wales a report that a woman who was a confirmed tobacco-smoker died recently at Llanelly, at the great age of one hundred and three years. Most of us would be quite content to indulge in a poison which takes so comfortable a time to work its deadly end. But, of course, it may be suggested that, but for having been "a great smoker," the Cymrian centenarian might have lived to be a thousand and three.

Public-spirited reformers, like Mr. Howard Vincent, might draw a moral from the annual "trooping of the colours," which takes place to-day on the Horse Guards' parade-ground. Less than five-and-twenty years ago the ceremony was performed without any interruption to public traffic, and under no restriction on the sightseers, a few sentries being sufficient to keep the ground. Now not only is there an eager demand for tickets, without which any chance of seeing the march-past is hopeless, but gradations among the privileged have been introduced, so that in point of fact only a very chosen few out of those admitted into the reserved space get any view of the proceedings. The rapid growth of London has been distanced by the increased love of a holiday, a pageant, or a privilege; and it may be fairly assumed that if, after the example of foreign capitals, vehicles of all descriptions, except such as carry goods, are admitted to our parks, now reserved for the owners of private carriages, the drives will soon become impassable, and in time will be abandoned altogether to cabs and perhaps to omnibuses.

The Turks have suggested a novel method of increasing their public revenue. It is proposed to compel theatrical managers to give two performances per annum for the benefit of the native "unemployed," and to add on to the price of admission to theatres a small sum, which is to be expended in charity by the State.

REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

The Queen has conferred the decoration of the Albert medal of the second class upon Mr. John Henry Wood, a member of the South Shields Volunteer Life Brigade, for his gallantry, at the imminent risk of his own life, in rescuing a boy washed off the pier at South Shields during a gale on Oct. 24, 1885.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has awarded its silver medal to Christian Nelson, an Australian professional sculler, for a gallant act performed in the Thames, near London Bridge, on the 27th ult., whereby he saved the life of a child named Tatlock, who was washed off the steps of the bridge by the swell of a passing steamer, and carried out twenty yards by the ebb tide. On the recommendation of Sir Charles Warren, the society has awarded its bronze medal to Police-constable Leonard, for plunging into the Thames from the Embankment, near Cleopatra's Needle, on the 19th ult., and saving Elizabeth Wells, who attempted to commit suicide.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, rewards granted by the President of the United States to the captain, second officer, and four seamen of the British steamer Willesden, for their services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Reuben S. Hunt, on Dec. 9.

The Board of Trade have awarded a silver medal to Lieutenant John R. Jellicoe, of her Majesty's ship Monarch, and bronze medals to six seamen, in recognition of their gallant attempt to rescue the shipwrecked crew of the steamship Ettrickdale, on March 12 last. The board have also awarded silver medals, together with money gratuities, to sixteen Spanish fishermen, in recognition of the gallantry displayed by them upon the same occasion.—The Board of Trade have awarded silver shipwreck medals, together with some pecuniary compensation, to Paul Hestholm, Bartinius Hansen Knarvig, Bernt Petersen Røstad, Knut Veblungsoes, Ole Moeset, and Johan Rekdal, inhabitants of the island Lepsøe, Norway, in acknowledgment of their services in rescuing Elizabeth Monat, who had drifted thither from Shetland, on board the Columbine, on Feb. 7.

The Sportsman's Exhibition, which for several years was held at the Agricultural Hall, was opened at the Royal Aquarium on Monday. Most of the branches of trade-connected with sport were well represented.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Some of my readers may have noticed in recent Parliamentary reports brief references to "The Infants' Bill." The measure thus curiously named has now passed the House of Commons, and has just got through Committee in the House of Lords, leaving only the third reading in the Upper House yet to be taken. Its full title is "An Act to Amend the Law relating to the Guardianship and Custody of Children." The real purpose of the bill is to give English mothers some small legal recognition in the guardianship of their own children. It is only a tiny—in fact, an infinitesimal—share that the measure proposes to give; yet there has been great difficulty in passing even this trifling instalment of legal recognition of natural rights through the Lower House, owing to the systematic obstruction of one or two M.P.'s.

The measure as it was introduced by Mr. Bryce was far more extensive in its proposals than it is as it now stands. Mr. Bryce originally desired to take account of the fact that a child has two parents, who have equal interests in its well-being and equal responsibilities toward it, and who are, therefore, naturally its joint guardians, while when death removes one the rights and responsibilities naturally devolve on the other parent. But this was far too sweeping a change from the old law for the House of Commons. The bill, as it has passed the Lower House, is one of those illogical compromises to which the British mind is prone. In English politics, it constantly occurs that one party asks for a radical change in a law, while another party declares any alteration whatever to be absolutely undesirable. They argue long and hotly; and then steps in a third party, which prides itself upon being the "moderate" school. Sometimes it prefers to give itself the proud title of the "practical" school. It proposes what it is pleased to term a compromise. This is an intermediate arrangement, which cannot be logically justified on any ground. It is not enough to meet the arguments of the advocates for alteration, it is in defiance of the reasoning of the friends of things as they are. But strong in their moderation and practicalness, the compromisers do not heed principle or logic. They gather to them all whose consciences have been made uneasy by the arguments for an alteration, and who yet are too timid to like complete changes in any direction. These two classes together are stronger than the logicians on either side; the combined forces settle the compromise, and retire from the subject content with themselves. The question of married women's property went through this experience. An Act of compromise was passed in 1870; but the question was not thereby closed. The inconsistencies and insufficiency of the Act were continually experienced, till in 1882 a full, logical, just Act repealed the failure of 1870, and substituted what the advocates of fair and equal law had all along demanded. The Infants' Bill, as it has left the Commons, is similarly a bill of compromise. Very well; let it pass; it is better than nothing. But at no very distant day it will be repealed by a complete act of justice to mothers and children.

I am certain that the majority of my readers will be amazed to hear that at present the law absolutely gives an English mother no more legal rights over the nurture and upbringing of her own babes than their nursemaid possesses. The father is the only parent legally recognised. He may deprive a faultless wife and mother of the custody of her own children. He may stretch a dead hand from the grave and tear her babies from their living mother's arms. He may treat as waste paper any pre-nuptial agreement, however solemn, about the education of the children. Worst of all, a mother does not become, when her husband dies intestate, the legal—as for ever she must be the natural—guardian of her offspring; they pass into the charge of the father's male relatives. The bill before the Lords makes a mother sole guardian of a child after the father's decease, when the latter does not appoint another guardian; or joint guardian with anyone that the father may appoint by his will. A mother dying may nominate a guardian to act with the father; but her nomination shall only take effect if the Court be satisfied that the father is unfit to be sole guardian. Finally, a mother may apply to the Court during her husband's lifetime for an order about the custody of the children; and the Court "may, if it shall think fit," make an order, having regard to the welfare of the infant, the conduct of the parents, and the wishes of both mother and father.

There was a notable decrease in the size of the bouquets carried at last week's Drawingroom. The vast majority of the flowers used were white, regardless of the colour of the dress. One splendid posy was composed of large Arum lilies, mixed with their own leaves and maidenhair fern; the dress with which this went was a white tulle petticoat trimmed with crystal beads, and a bodice and train of white silk brocaded with gold lilies of the same shape as those in the bouquet. Lilies of the valley were much employed, but were always wired; delicate and graceful though they are in small posies, they straggle when the bunch gets large if they are unwired. A mass of *Maréchal Niel* roses, with ferns intermixed, looked well. A new shape for bouquets was that of a cornucopia in satin, in which the white rosebuds and lilies of the valley of two debutantes were arranged. Another bouquet in the same shape was of double daffodils and brown ivy leaves, the gown with which it went being of yellow satin, with brown velvet train. Perhaps the most magnificent bouquet was one entirely of orchids. It was large, the mass of it being the "standard-bearer" orchid, in a delicate mauve-colour, with a few trails of "fox-brush" falling over. There was no greenery about it at all. The gown which it accompanied was of heliotrope satin, with petticoat of *crêpe* to match, embroidered with tiny iridescent beads of a corresponding tint.

One of the very latest ideas for ladies whose time hangs heavy on their hands is to make a patchwork bed-cover of the backs of discarded kid gloves. To match and combine the colours, both of the kid and the ornamental stitching, and to fit in the shapes, affords an occupation far more fascinating and prolonged than "crazy patchwork." When finished, the quilt must be lined with a delicate soft silk or satin. It will really then look a little nearer to being worth the trouble of making it than might be imagined.

It was a happy thought of the Countess of Aberdeen to hold a garden party at the Viceregal Lodge, at which all the guests should be dressed in materials of Irish manufacture. I learn that the event was a great success. It was made the opportunity for a very wide distribution of invitations. A garden party is better suited for an *omnium gATHERUM* than an indoor reception, and nobody who could possibly consider himself or herself at all entitled to share in Castle festivities was left out this time. The Countess of Aberdeen herself wore white poplin, a delicious material, which nobody could object to wear on any occasion. Very many of the lady guests, however, wore Irish tweed or other woollen materials, made up in the full-skirted fashion of the Irish peasant woman. As over three thousand guests attended, an appreciable direct benefit must have been reaped by Irish manufacturers and their employes.

The Primrose League ladies have for some time past been

making a systematic and combined effort to encourage British manufacture by buying dress material of home production. There is much to be said for the idea. Our manufacturers have, indeed, of late years given so much attention to the quality of their fabrics and the design of their patterns that they deserve support on their merits, patriotism apart. Merit is, after all, the only true method by which makers can rely on securing lasting success; but, other things being equal, it is well that our own industries should deliberately receive our patronage. By taking a little trouble in inquiry and search, we may often find home goods that are as lovely as the foreign ones that we like best. Limerick lace, for instance, is quite able to hold its own with Brussels. But when Irish lace is spoken of, many people think only of that coarse cheap guipure which does not look nice for any other use than as collars over boys' velvet suits. It is obviously absurd to compare this guipure at five shillings the set with a Brussels set worth considerably more than as many pounds. The true comparison must be between the better sort of home and the better sort of foreign manufactures. F. F.-M.

THE LATE LORD FARNBOROUGH.

The death of the late Clerk to the House of Commons, better known as Sir Thomas Erskine May than by the peerage recently conferred upon him, was recorded in our last. It is very much regretted; his official services have been most valuable, as testified by the Speaker and leading members of the House; and he was the author of a "Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament," which has for many years been recognised all over the world—in this country, in the colonies, and by foreign nations—as the standard text-book of political instruction with regard to the conduct of business in legislative assemblies on the English model. He was seventy years of age. His connection with the House of Commons began in 1831, when, at the age of sixteen, he was made Assistant Librarian; he was appointed Examiner of Petitions for Private Bills in 1846, Taxing-Master of the House of Commons in 1847, Clerk Assistant at the Table of the House in 1856, and Clerk of the House of Commons in 1871. He received the Companionship of the Bath in 1860, and became a Knight Commander in 1866. Only a few weeks ago he retired from office, and was created a Peer by the title of Baron Farnborough, which he has not lived to enjoy. Besides his great work on the law and procedure of Parliament, he wrote a "Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.," a continuation of Hallam; and an historical treatise on "Democracy in Europe"; many articles in "The Penny Cyclopædia," and in the *Edinburgh Review*, and several essays on the law of elections. A funeral service was performed on Monday in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; it was attended by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Idlesleigh, and many other members of Parliament, and the officers of the House of Commons. The interment took place at Chippenham, in the Isle of Ely.

The Portrait of the late Lord Farnborough is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Son, of South Kensington.

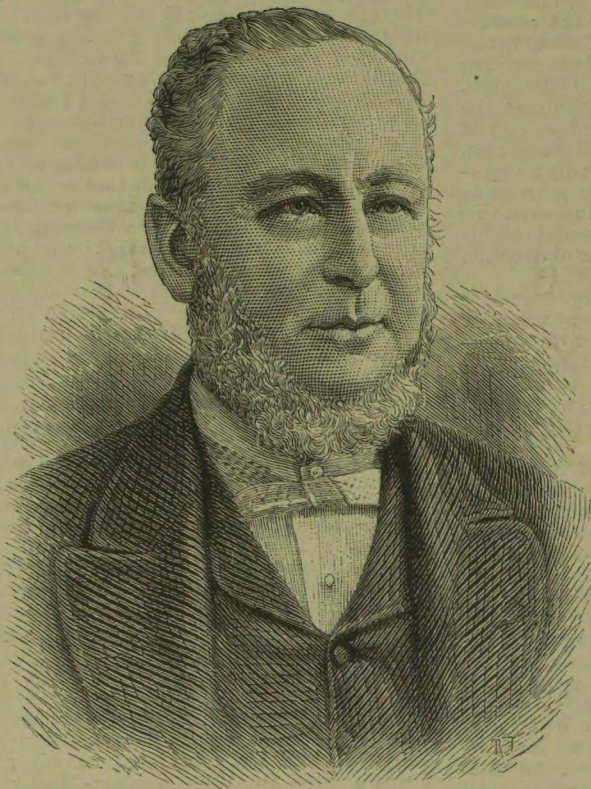
ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Goupil Gallery (Messrs. Bouscud, Valadon, and Co., 116, New Bond-street) a very interesting and instructive exhibition of works by contemporary Dutch artists is now on view. The distinguishing feature of this school is its careful study of landscape and atmosphere; but it must be borne in mind that the country in which they study is Holland. Mauve, Mesdag, and Maris stand in first line amongst the painters of such out-door scenery, whilst for figure subjects and home life Josef Israels, Artz, and Blommers are the interpreters. The drawback of the latter group and its followers is its monotony: the chief exponents seem to get into a groove from which they cannot or will not extricate themselves so long as the public demands repetitions of the motives, on which they composed their first successes. As a maritime painter, Mr. Mesdag is almost without a rival among Continental artists, and he is especially successful in the combination of the grey seas and skies by which the Dutch coast is habitually encircled. His "Morning on the Sea-shore" (16), and its companion, "Evening" (24), are excellent specimens of his powers. Mauve's "Return of the Flock" (11), Israels' "Shipwrecked Mariner" (9) and the "Return by the Dunes" (49), and Artz's "Mending the Stocking" (48) and "The Young Shepherd" (75) are among the most attractive pictures of this pleasant exhibition.

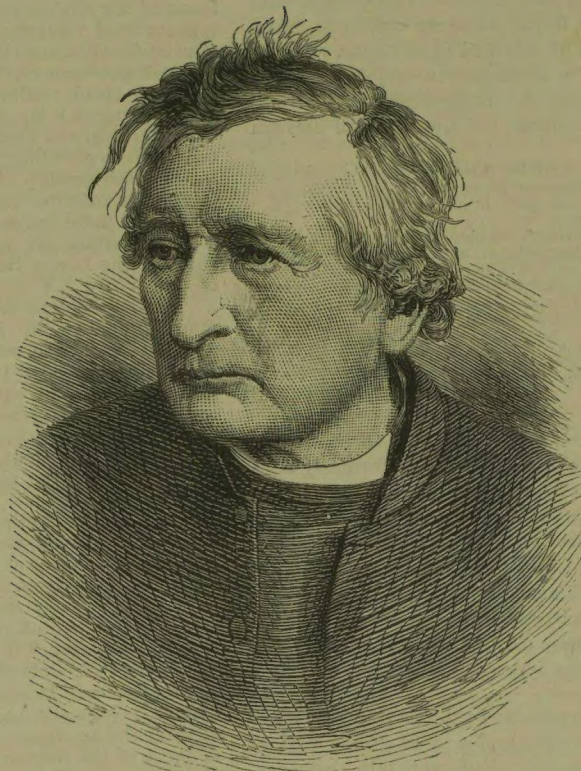
At Messrs. Tooth's gallery, those who admired M. James Tissot's art as inspired by English surroundings, may see what five years' sojourn in Paris have effected. In his studies of London society, M. Tissot had always the honest, healthful outlet of life on the river upon which to fall back; but in these "pictures of Parisian life" there is little to admire beyond the skill and satire which the painter has at his command. In technical qualities they fall below the level of much of M. Tissot's English work; whilst we cannot help thinking that they suggest rather the desire to pander to jaded tastes than to "point the moral" which, doubtless, the artist had in view. "La Femme de Trente Ans," and subsequently her rival of forty summers, found themselves accurately delineated and subtly analysed fifty years ago by Balzac, and they will last as long as French literature as types of the society in which they lived. M. Tissot seeks to give equal notoriety to the fashionable, political, and artistic ladies who now aim at giving tone to French life, and to represent on canvas the types which M. Feuillet, M. Daudet, and others describe in their novels.

The course of lectures on the topography and monuments of Athens which Miss J. E. Harrison has been delivering during the past week, at the British Museum, has been found so popular that it will be repeated. Complaints having been made that the lectures were given at an hour when very few gentlemen could be present, it has been arranged, with the consent of the British Museum authorities, that the second course should be given at the latest possible hour—viz., from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m., on Wednesdays, commencing on June 9. A series of lectures explanatory of the Greek vases referring to the Homeric period will also be given on Friday afternoons, at 4.30 p.m. Full particulars may be obtained from the hon. sec., Miss Wilson, 45B, Colville-gardens, Bayswater, W.

The members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club (Savile-row) have brought together an interesting collection of illuminated manuscripts, of which they permit the inspection by the public under very slight restrictions. The majority of the work is Italian, and in many one can trace the first dawn of landscape painting, of which, however, the Flemish illuminators were the first pioneers. It is interesting, too, to compare the transition from the conventional to the realistic treatment of flowers, introduced so profusely in the borders of the French manuscripts. One naturally asks, how and when the monks of old first opened their eyes to the wonders of Nature, and turned away from the arabesque designs to draw their inspirations from a living source?



MR. T. F. BRADY, INSPECTOR OF IRISH FISHERIES.

THE MOST REV. R. KNOX, D.D.,
NEW LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

THE NEW LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland, at its Synod held on the 11th inst., had the vacant Archbishopric of Armagh, with the dignity of Lord Primate attached to that See, filled up by the election of the Right Rev. Robert Knox, D.D., who was Bishop of the united Sees of Down, Connor, and Dromore. This venerable prelate, who is in the seventy-eighth year of his age, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and graduated in the University of Dublin in 1829; he held for some time the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Ardfert, and was a Prebendary of Limerick Cathedral; in 1849 he was appointed Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Chancellor, of Dublin.

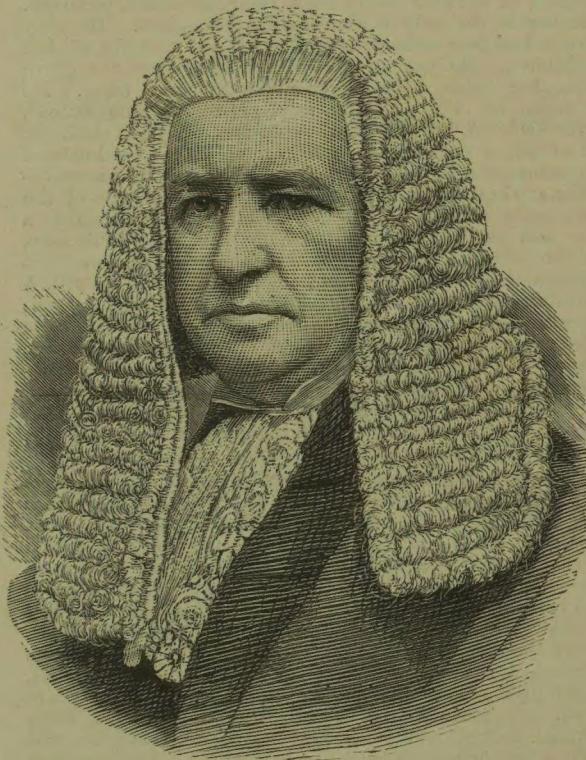
MR. T. F. BRADY.

In the recent accounts of the destitute condition of the poor families of Irish peasantry and fishermen on the islands off the coasts of Mayo and Galway, Clare Island, Inishboffin, Inish-turk, and the Arran Islands in Galway Bay, the name of Mr. Thomas Francis Brady was repeatedly mentioned. This gentleman, who holds the office of Chief Inspector of Fisheries under the Government of Ireland, has voluntarily made great personal exertions, during several months past, to convey and

distribute relief to the distressed population; and our Special Artist, Mr. Claude Byrne, was permitted to accompany him, in one of her Majesty's gun-boats, in the voyages that he undertook, often in very stormy weather, along those wild shores and across the rough waters separating the islands from the mainland. He thus became a witness of Mr. Brady's strenuous efforts, and of the diligence and good judgment, as well as the unflinching kindness, with which he ministered to the wants of the poor islanders, while he made careful inquiries about the most desirable means of improving their situation by constructing suitable harbours and piers for their fishing-boats, or by any other works possibly to be undertaken with Government assistance. Mr. Brady has for some time past been in correspondence upon this subject with the local Protestant and Catholic clergy, and with other persons having authority or influence in the West of Ireland; and we hope that something effectual will be done. In the meantime, any charitable donations for the people of the Arran Islands may be sent to the Rev. Michael O'Donohoe, their Catholic pastor. We are requested also by the Rev. J. Bolton Greer, the Protestant Rector of Achill, a much larger and more populous island adjacent to the Mayo coast, to invite similar contributions for the relief of the present distress. The condition of Achill was noticed in our account of the mission of Mr. J. H. Tuke.

NEW PUTNEY BRIDGE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on July 12, 1884, laid the foundation-stone of the southern abutment of this bridge, which is to be opened this day (Saturday) by their Royal Highnesses, with a suitable ceremonial and signs of local festivity in that western riverside suburb, and on the opposite shore at Fulham. The old wooden bridge, built in 1729, with its toll-house and tiled roof extending across the roadway at the Fulham end, will be remembered by many Londoners. It was freed from toll by Act of Parliament in 1878, and the Metropolitan Board of Works resolved to construct a new one, which was designed by Sir Joseph Bazalgette, C.B., their engineer, assisted by Mr. Edward Bazalgette, and the work has been executed by the contractor, Mr. J. Waddell, with some auxiliary works of improvement, at a cost of about £240,000. The new bridge is built of granite, with five arches; the centre arch of 144 ft. span, rising 20 ft. above high water, the other arches of 129 ft. and 112 ft. span; the width of the river here, between the abutments, is 700 ft. The roadway is 50 ft. wide, giving a carriage-road of 32 ft., and two side footways, each 9 ft. wide. The former aqueduct of the Chelsea Waterworks Company was removed to make room for this bridge, and the Company's water is now carried in pipes laid down the footways. The approaches to the bridge at both ends are new, or rather have been improved, by raising the road in High-street, Putney, and Windsor-street, for a length of 400 ft., and by making a new road communicating with High-street, Fulham. Some of the old houses, which had interesting historical associations, have disappeared from this neighbourhood in the last three or four years; but the recent improvements will add much to the convenience of Putney, Barnes, and Wimbledon, as places of residence on the Surrey side of West London.



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE PEARSON.

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE PEARSON.

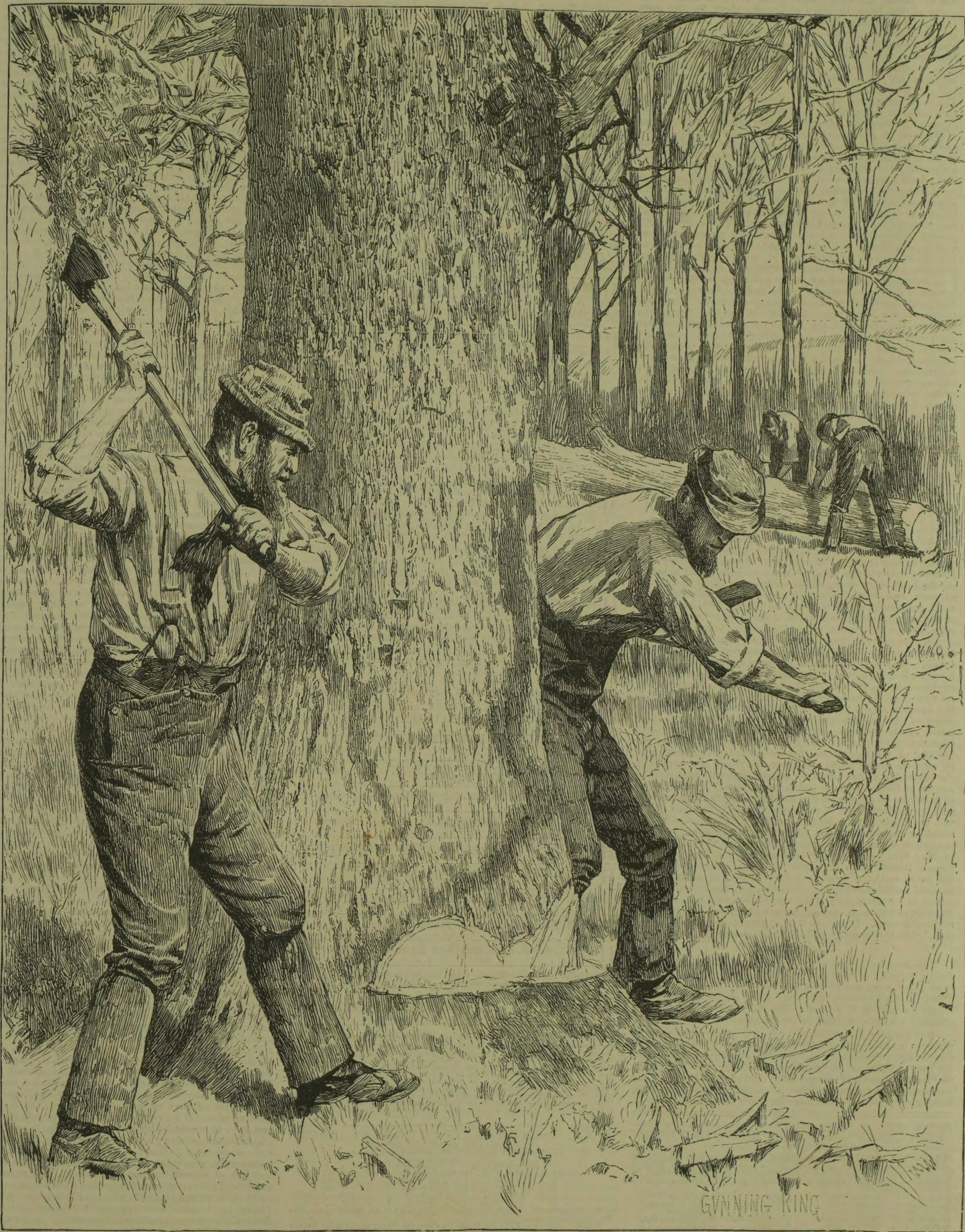
A notice of the death of this esteemed Judge appeared in our Obituary last week. Sir John Pearson was in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and had been on the Bench in the High Court of Justice since the November term of 1882. He had practised thirty-six years in the Courts of Chancery, becoming a Queen's Counsel in 1866; and obtained high reputation as a sound equity lawyer. As a Judge, he acted with exemplary fairness, great industry and attentiveness, and vigour of decision; and many cases of commercial importance, patent and trademark cases, also points regarding the interpretation of the Settled Land Act of 1882, and other questions of interest, came before him. He was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he was contemporary with Mr. William Balliol Brett, now Lord Esher, and with Lord Justice Baggallay. His death is a loss to the judicial Bench, and is much regretted by those practising in the Courts.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club has been fixed to take place at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at twelve o'clock next Wednesday, June 2.



NEW PUTNEY BRIDGE, OPENED THIS WEEK BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



AGRICULTURAL SCENES: MAY—THE BARK HARVEST.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom.

But we do not follow Childe Harold further, and only ask the reader to go with us for a "Day in the Woods," and look on an English scene this bright May morning.

Let all the forest-birds welcome sing,
Let all the valleys with gladness ring,
Welcome, welcome, welcome to May!

Amongst the months of the year, May is what champagne is amongst wines—always young, never meant to be old, the sparkle and crest of the year, the nectar of feasts and merry-makings. Leigh Hunt tells us, in his "Feast of the Poets," that when Apollo himself dropped in and took his place amongst the guests—that where, the moment before, stood candles—

A bundle of beams took the place of each mould,
The light of heaven played about the glasses, the faces of the

poets became radiant, and "harmony struck from the clatter of knives and forks," for the God of Poetry was at the feast. So does May come to a dull world, a goddess that touches the tips of trees, until the cherry and apple blossoms, the whiteness of the thorn, the gold of the laburnum, and the thousand and one delights of spring awaken the nightingale to sing, as she sang to Keats, and take us away from—

The weariness, the fever, and the fret,

which are the commonplaces of life!

Where, then, shall we go to see, in an English May, the commencement of harvest? We will go to the woods. Rugged on the outside, true to the heart within its ring-cycles of a hundred seasons, the British oak—the brave old oak of our songs—has its fated hour to fall, and that is commonly in the month of May. Far from the madding crowd, deep in remote country landscapes, the woodman begins his bark-

harvest when, and not before, the cuckoo-flower and the primrose have passed away with April, and the budding and leafing of the oak commences. From the First of May to the end of June is the best time in these islands for stripping or peeling forest garments from the trunks they have adorned. If there is nothing like leather, then there is nothing like oak-bark to make skins into leather, and so important are these tanning materials that they cost some three millions sterling per annum. Of native oak-bark 200,000 tons, and of imported 60,000 tons are required: value from £6 to £16 per ton formerly, but now "depressed," like all other materials brought to England's free market. According to districts, oak-peeling can be performed from the middle of April to the beginning of July. About 13 lb. of raw bark is taken off average trees. Before the trees are cut down, a boy proceeds to strip off the bark, to the height of about 3 ft. from the ground, right round the stem of each tree. Then a man follows with an

axe to "lay-in" the outspreading parts of the bottoms of the stems of the trees, in order to prepare them for the saws (moved by either hand labour or steam-power). It is, however, still the common custom to fell trees, of all sizes, with the axe, as shown in this Illustration. But experienced foresters recommend trees above 6 in. in diameter should be cut down with a cross-cut saw. The trunk and all the larger branches are peeled with tools adapted for the work, then laid in heaps, and next day put up on drying-stages. These drying-stages should be erected in some open and airy position where there is a free circulation of air and exposure to sunshine. On this greatly depends the securing of the bark in good condition. Such stages contrast in the open clearing very picturesquely with the peeled trunks of the fallen oaks, and again with the unfelled trees spreading, under the blue May skies, their budding, leafing branches. The whole sylvan scene is varied and delightful, and, as a rural May picture, is artistically composed, animated by man's labour, brightened by Nature at its kindest season, and yet full of repose by its seclusion. When Byron spoke of a ship walking the waters as a thing of life and beauty, and when Disraeli avowed a three-master in full sail one of the most magnificent objects in the world, they both thought of the vessels made from British oak (*Quercus pedunculata*), which is described by botanists as a massive-stemmed, large, and spreading-topped tree, naturally disposed to throw out large limbs, and to become what may properly be termed a flat-topped tree. Alas! as Lord Ripon lately apologised to Sir Frederick Leighton, the Navy now offers artists only the ugly iron monsters that float, yet can hardly be called ships; and but little oak is used except for building our small coasting-vessels. In this fact there is some consolation! Look at the picture, and note the resolute axe-man beginning his work of destruction. Soon that rugged and strong and tall and tough half-century-old oak will be lying prone, a wreck of pride, where lately it towered in the woods. Then think of the devastation necessary for the timbers of one of our old seventy-four-gun ships, such as we saw launched some forty years ago at Chatham, and about which, in a corner of our memory remains the lines of the local poet, H. G. Adams, who told us to build the Goliath:—

Giant oaks of bold expansion,
O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion
Where our Hearts of Oak shall dwell.
Trees that living did inherit
Grandeur from the earth and sky;
Still robust, thy native spirit
In thy timbers shall not die.

Let not the reader forget this is the month of May, and that for a transformation scene—from the London streets to such a picture as here is given him—he may in one, or a couple of hours, be taken to the woods of Kent or Surrey, and actually see the Bark-Harvest in progress. Later, he may find in an adjacent spot the Charcoal-Burner over his piles of green wood, converting it into the fuel that is still in request at one of the large London hotels within a few hundred yards of the office whence this Agricultural May Scene is issued.

For the other scenes common to an English May, they crowd upon the vision. The fly-fisher revels by his trout stream; the seaside visitor gets up early, and goes down to the beach at Hastings, to see the flecked blue and silver spangles of the mackerel, fresh from the blue water; or perhaps the descendant of Nimrod goes due north, to begin, about Carlisle, the hunting season! Yes; when other hunts are over, the chase of the otter begins in May. Then there are those white specks seen on backgrounds of emerald turf—the cricketers' tents, where Dingley Dellers are battling against the bowling of All Muggleton; for the cricket season has begun in earnest. Rowing and sailing on the rivers now herald in the beginning of the yachting season that will culminate in August at Cowes. Fashion and fancy will make a kaleidoscope of parterres at garden parties in May. The fair toxophilites will try to hit the gold of the target in May. The golf-player will go to his links in May. The festival of painters in May animates the Academy, the Grosvenor, the Institute, and all the galleries, under the increasing "good light" of May; and in May that earthquake of excitement, the Derby, crowns Epsom Downs. As for rook-shooting under the stately old trees, we have been compelled to decline an invitation received from Lincolnshire, but shall go to Henley-on-Thames, where the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society has its May Meeting, and show us some of the best sheep that make English mutton famous. If we are told, "gather ye roses while ye may," then this month we shall have a basketful of flowers.

This is to be a season of American stars. Mr. Augustus Daly's company is happily with us again, at the Strand; and next Monday we are to see, at the Gaiety, the famous Mr. Dixey in the burlesque that has been played for over six hundred nights in New York. Mr. Dixey will be assisted by a company wholly consisting of American artists.

Mrs. Langtry has succeeded very well in her experiment of playing in French, for a charity organised by M. Febvre, of the Comédie Française. She has been highly complimented for her rendering of the merry match-maker, in "Les Brebis de Panurge," and was so successful that she had to repeat the performance on several occasions during M. Febvre's short visit. Mrs. Langtry is developing a strong spirit of comedy.

Full-moon, 2000 Original Works in Oil and Water Colours, designs for Christmas Cards, Book Illustrations, Studies, &c., executed principally under commission for Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son, the eminent Publishers. To be sold without reserve, except as regards the Copyrights.

MESSRS. FOSTER respectfully announce for SALE by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall-mall, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, JUNE 3, and two following days, at One o'clock precisely, upwards of 2000 Original WORKS in OIL and WATER COLOURS, executed principally under commission by the following artists:—

Alchin, J.	Dubou, T. C., R.A.	Nafel, J.	Sadler, Kate
Barnard, Emily	Foster, W. G.	Noakes, C. G.	Sadler, W. Dendy
Barrard, Allan	Griset, Ernest	Norman, J. P.	Squire, Alice
Bennett, H. M.	Harding, Emily	Parsons, A. W.	Stone, Marcus, R.A.
Bewley, Louisa	Havers, Alice	Payne, H.	Vernon, A. L.
Bowers, G.	Herbert, J. R., R.A.	Payne, A.	Marchess, of Waterford
Cattlemole, L.	Herdman, R., R.S.A.	Paterson, C.	Wait, Linnie
Claasen, G.	Hodgson, J. E., R.A.	Penley, E. A.	Walters, G. S.
Coleman, G.	Holmes, Sophia	Pilsbury, W.	Wetherill, F. E.
Coleman, R.	Ludovici, A.	Poynter, E. J., R.A.	Woollett, J.
Coleman, W. S.	Maguire, Bertha	Priolo, P.	Yeames, F. R., R.A.
	Maguire, H. J.	Ramsay, F. A.	

The whole may be publicly viewed on Tuesday next, and mornings of Sale. Catalogues will be forwarded on application.—54, Pall-mall.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM. Painted by F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS beg to announce the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing 130 Portraits, painted from special sittings, of her Majesty, the Royal Family, Leaders of Society, and others, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures.—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini" and "Zeus at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERY, 198, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE. Completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 25, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH EXHIBITION is now Open, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission 1s. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

BIRTH.
On the 22nd inst., at Castle Hill Avenue, Folkestone, the wife of James W. Davson, of a son.

DEATHS.
At New Westminster, British Columbia, on March 23, Anne, relict of the late William Moresby, Esq., and sister-in-law of the late Admiral Sir Fairfax Moresby, K.C.B., &c.
On Dec. 23, at Rockhampton, Australia, Anna Margaret, beloved wife of J. De Vere Tyndall, late of Nursery Estate, Nickerie, Surinam, West Indies.
* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.
Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN. Executive President of the Royal Commission—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.
Illustration of the Products and Resources of the British Empire.
OPEN DAILY from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. On Wednesdays and Saturdays open till Eleven p.m. Admission, 1s. Daily: Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Military Bands and Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Daily, and occasional Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall.

UNDER the immediate Patronage of her Grace the Duchess (Elizabeth) of Wellington, Mr. ORBATHER'S new Historical Cantata, LADY JANE GREY, will be PERFORMED at his Morning Concert at the PRINCES HALL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, by Miss, Noemi Lorenzi, Miss Helen Kibb, Miss Nina Rees, and the Ladies' Choir of the London Conservatoire of Music.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Molière's "Tartuffe," by Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

MORNING PERFORMANCES.—FAUST.—During the Month of JUNE there will be FOUR MORNING PERFORMANCES OF FAUST, on SATURDAYS, JUNE 5, 12, 19, and 26, at Two o'clock. On these SATURDAYS, JUNE 5, 12, 19, 26, the Theatre will be closed at Night. Box-office open.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—CLITO, an original Tragedy by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Scenery by W. Telbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Costumes by Madame Auguste and V. Barthe. Archaeology of the Tragedy by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Wilford, Clynns, Hudson, A. Melford, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, &c.; Misses Cootie, Wilson, Garth, Belmonte, and Miss Eastlake. Box-office 9.30 till Five. No fees. Carriages at 10.45. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Messrs. Arthur Dacre, Barrymore, H. Beerbohm Tree, Brookfield, Maurice, Rodney, Ben Greet, Forbes Dawson, Winter, West; Miss Helen Layton, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance daily, from Ten till Five. No fees.

INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION, 1886.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOST BRILLIANT AND ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR VISITORS TO LONDON during the Exhibition. The world-famed MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.
The oldest established and the most popular performance in existence. EVERY NIGHT at Eight. DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three.
Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of the St. James's Hall. Fare 2d. and 3d.
NO FEES OF ANY DESCRIPTION. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts. Prices of Admission—1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, London, N. Doors open at 10 a.m., close at 7.30 p.m.

HORSE SHOW and SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION DAY AFTER THE OAKS.

HORSE SHOW and SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION OPENS THIS DAY (SATURDAY, MAY 29). 2s. 6d. Judging Day.

HORSE SHOW.—MONDAY, MAY 31. 1s. Leaping after completion of Judging.

HORSE SHOW.—TUESDAY, JUNE 1. 1s. Leaping. Water Jump.

HORSE SHOW.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2. 1s. Leaping. Water Jump.

HORSE SHOW.—THURSDAY, JUNE 3. 1s. Leaping. Water Jump.

HORSE SHOW.—FRIDAY, JUNE 4. 1s. Leaping. Water Jump.

HORSE SHOW.—Parade of Prize Horses every day.

HORSE SHOW.—Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses for Sale.

HORSE SHOW.—Leaping Competition Every Afternoon.

HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seats, 10s. and 5s.

HORSE SHOW.—Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—Entrance, Islington-green.

HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seat Entrance, Barford-street.

HORSE SHOW.—This year the SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION is being held in conjunction with the HORSE SHOW.

HORSE SHOW and SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION. Admission, 1s. First Day, 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. EXPRESS DAY SERVICE.—Every Weekday as under:—

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.
June 1	Dep. 11.55 a.m.	Dep. 11.55 a.m.	Arr. 11.45 p.m.
" 2	" 11.55 a.m.	" 12.0 noon.	" 12.10 p.m.
" 3	" 7.30 a.m.	" 7.25 a.m.	" 6.40 p.m.
" 4	" 7.30 a.m.	" 7.35 a.m.	" 6.40 p.m.
" 5	" 8.10 a.m.	" 8.20 a.m.	" 6.40 p.m.

NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2nd Class; available for Return within One Month; 22 1/2s.; 22 1/2s.

A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort.

The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3 1/2 hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained

at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained.—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A False Martyr" would be a far more correct title than "A Woman's Sacrifice" for the new play taken from the French that Mrs. Kendal has recently dragged to success by superhuman exertion. Martyrdom and self-sacrifice in woman is always a very safe card for a dramatist to play; but, in order to secure our complete sympathy for the filial act of devotion of child to mother, we must have a certain amount of reason and a modicum of common-sense. A woman who does a noble thing to save another is entitled to our respect; but when her martyrdom might have been rendered wholly unnecessary by a very obvious course, our sympathies with her are unavoidably alienated. A woman must surely be in a terrible predicament before she is accessory to the murder of an innocent man, the cause of her husband's ruin, the destroyer of her own home, and the wreck of her innocent child's peace of mind. This is exactly the kind of social distraction that Countess Isabelle De Mornay causes in order to save the reputation of a mother who is dear to her. The French are inclined to exaggerate the sentiment connected with "ma mère," but in no play that can be conveniently called to mind has it been so strained to bursting point as in the "Martyr" of the veteran dramatist D'Ennery, produced in Paris on March 4 last, and transferred by Mr. Sutherland Edwards and Mr. Sydney Grundy to the stage of the St. James's Theatre. An affectionate daughter, happily married with a good husband, and a child they both idolize, is suddenly confronted with a hideous chapter in the past life of her mother. The grey-haired old lady is pestered with the threats of an illegitimate son, who threatens to expose her sin unless his exorbitant demands are satisfied. The daughter resolves to save her mother's honour at the expense of her own. This hyper-sensitive and ultra-devoted Countess allows her husband to believe she has been unfaithful, submits to a divorce, sees her half-brother murdered before her very eyes, quits her happy home, deserts her child, is the immediate cause of involving the man she loves with a heartless adventuress, breaks the heart of husband, child, father, and mother, all because she will not adopt the very simple expedient of telling her husband that she has discovered that her mother's early life was not wholly blameless. Just let us weigh in the balance the relative value of the injury done. On the one hand, if the secret had been divulged to the self-sacrificing wife's natural protector and friend—her husband—she would have confided to him that which he, being a man of honour, would naturally have held sacred. But, by mistaken zeal and morbid self-accusation, she prefers to permit her husband to consider her shameless, her child to misunderstand her, her mother and father to turn their backs on her for a sin she was incapable of committing. The Countess having deliberately told her husband a pious falsehood, having declared, in open court, that she was guilty of dishonour, and consented to a divorce, it is surely not unnatural that this mistaken husband should, to the best of his power, prevent a meeting between mother and child. It is what any ordinary husband would do under the circumstances. But the dramatist, by false art, endeavours to secure our sympathies for a woman who, in order to protect a mother who has done wrong, does the greatest possible injury to the husband, who has never dreamed of injuring her. The Countess Isabelle, with all her high-flown notions of martyrdom, never thinks one moment of her husband. She has made him a murderer, and ruined his peace of mind for ever; she has sent him into the Divorce Court; she has broken up his home; she has been the means of his remarrying an adventuress; she has soured and disappointed him; and then, when he refuses to allow the wife he believes to be guilty of abominable ingratitude to see the child she has injured as much as her husband, she "rounds upon him," and preaches about man's cruelty in contrast to woman's maternal devotion. The position assumed by the dramatist is wholly false. The Countess Isabelle, through mistaken zeal, has done a serious injury to several very innocent people; but, luckily for the play, the brief held by this silly woman was in the hands of Mrs. Kendal. What playgoer can resist when Mrs. Kendal, by specious argument and false sentiment, pleads the cause of a lonely woman separated from her child? Her grief is so human, her passion so well tuned, her tears so real, her grief so heart-rending, that, as in "The New Magdalen," the art of the actress deliberately reverses our sympathies. We have no right to sympathise with the wife at this juncture. It is the husband, and the husband alone, who commands our commiseration. All the misery that the Countess feels might have been obviated by one natural word from her; and yet she refuses to speak it, and poses as a martyr, who is injured by the husband whose peace of mind she has destroyed. Be that as it may, Mrs. Kendal's acting was unusually fine, even for her, and she succeeded in establishing a false and untenable position by brilliancy of advocacy and power of art. Mrs. Kendal is the best first-night actress on the stage. She is confident of herself and her audience. Her experience conquers her nervousness and apprehension. Once place her in the position of a mother robbed of her child, and she would melt a stone. She is one of the few actresses who goes on constantly improving. All her tricks and exaggerated facial contortions, that once threatened to become chronic, have disappeared, and she holds her own as the first pathetic actress of the English—or, for the matter of that, of any other—stage. Mr. Kendal is improving also. If he would not pitch his passion so entirely in one key, it would be more effective. He is earnest, manly, and often impressive; he is a relief after the namby-pambyism and under-acting that is sometimes appreciated in this country; he goes boldly at his work and does not flinch; but his one key of sorrow becomes monotonous. His tints should be graduated; his art wants variety. Mr. Hare has an excellent part in the new play, a part that fits him like a glove. On little Mr. Drake the authors have apparently poured their best work. Here the dialogue sparkles; elsewhere it is even, but unimportant. It is quite a relief to meet the cheery little Consul, Mr. Drake, with his sound English common-sense, after the false sentiment with which the new play is deluged. In his way, Mr. Hare does just as much for its success as either Mr. or Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Pauncefoot exhibits great tact in her rendering of the unfortunate old mother who is not allowed to know the mischief she has done. She makes a very picturesque and refined lady. Mr. Waring and Miss Webster are both very promising young artists, both possessing fire and intelligence; but Mr. Brookfield is so devoted to the art of "make-up" that he sacrifices for it all idea of character. There is surely a higher art than that assisted by the wig-maker and the dresser. Arrayed in a huge black beard and with a polished skull that shines like fifty-billiard balls, Mr. Brookfield conceals his own identity, but suggests that of no one else. He played a foreign swindler and adventurer, but it was the waiter in "Odette" made up after a cultivated French amateur singer. A little less beard and a little more Palmieri would have been better for the play.

Mr. Horace Smith, of the Midland Circuit, Recorder of Lincoln, has been elected a Benchman of the Inner Temple.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Covent-Garden Theatre was reopened on Tuesday evening for a new series of performances of operas in Italian. The series will extend over twenty-four nights—three a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. As we have previously given a summary of the arrangements and engagements, we have now merely to record the proceedings of the opening night, when "Lucrezia Borgia" was the opera. The part of the heroine was sustained by Madame Cepeda, who sang and acted with genuine dramatic power; the characters of Gennaro and Duke Alfonso having been also very effectively filled, respectively, by Signor Gayarré and Signor Pandolfini. The three artists just named have before been important members of the Royal Italian Opera Company. A first appearance was made on Tuesday night by Mdlle. Temira Lubatovi, who filled the part of the page, Maffio Orsini. The lady possesses an agreeable light voice, rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto, and sings with refinement. Her efforts were, however, so adversely influenced by extreme nervousness, that it will be only fair to await another opportunity for estimating her merits. The cast was efficiently completed in the subordinate characters. An excellent orchestra—led by Mr. Carrodus—and a competent chorus contributed to the general effect of the performance, which was ably conducted by Signor Beviniani. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge honoured the performance with their presence.

For Thursday "Rigoletto" was announced, with the débuts of Mdlle. E. Russell and Signor D'Andrade; and this (Saturday) evening Madame Albani is to appear as Margherita, in "Faust."

The Philharmonic concert of last week (the fifth and last but one of the seventy-fourth season) brought forward a new symphony composed expressly for the society by M. Saint-Saëns, who conducted its performance. The work consists really of four portions, but these are linked together, not separate and distinct as in most cases. There is some excellent writing in the symphony, both as to subject-matter and treatment; the orchestral colouring being rich and varied. Novel features in such a work are the incidental introduction of passages for the organ and for two performers on the pianoforte, these latter having been assigned to Mr. H. R. Bird and Mr. Eaton Fanning. The performance was conducted by the composer, who also played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G with great effect. Madame Antoinette Sterling and Miss Larkcom each contributed a vocal piece with much success. Other features of the concert require no mention beyond stating that the orchestral performances were worthy of the reputation of the society, and that Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, with the exception of the symphony.

Last week's music included the second of Rubinstein's historical pianoforte recitals and the fourth of Señor Sarasate's orchestral concerts—both at St. James's Hall. The great pianist achieved the truly herculean task of playing, from memory, eight of Beethoven's solo sonatas, which he gave with alternate force and delicacy—perhaps with some occasional exaggeration of the former quality: but this is a characteristic of his impulsive genius.

Señor Sarasate played at his concert several pieces with brilliant effect, a full orchestra—conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins—having been an important feature of the programme. The last concert of the series takes place (this) Saturday afternoon.

On Monday afternoon Rubinstein continued his remarkable series of historical pianoforte performances with a selection from the works of Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn; his fourth programme (on Thursday) having been appropriated to Schumann.

The fourth Richter Concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, and included the first performance here of a symphony composed by M. Eugène D'Albert, a young pianist who had already made himself known by his skilful playing and by a concerto of his own composition. The symphony is very elaborate in design and treatment, each of its four movements being over-prolonged and diffuse in style. There is much clever orchestral writing, but the endeavour at originality and grandeur is but seldom realised. With more mature thought, and greater power of condensation, better results may be anticipated from M. D'Albert's future productions. The symphony was effectively rendered by the fine band conducted by Herr Richter. Other portions of Monday's concert call for no remark.

The concert of Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates) took place on Tuesday afternoon at No. 1 Belgrave-square, a long and varied programme having included her own refined and artistic pianoforte playing in several solo pieces. Madame Marie Roze, Madame Valleria, and other eminent vocalists contributed effective performances, as did Mr. W. Ganz and Mr. Wiener on their respective instruments—piano and violin. The vocal selection included a graceful song, "Your Story and Mine," composed by Lady Arthur Hill. Madame Valleria was the singer, and the composer the accompanist. Recitations by Mrs. Bernard Beare and Mr. W. Terriss, and a musical sketch by Mr. George Grossmith, were agreeable features of the day.

The second of this year's concerts of the Henry Leslie Choir, on Thursday evening, must be spoken of next week.

Mr. Richard Temple's operatic matinée at the Gaiety Theatre last week consisted of a performance of "Rigoletto" in Italian, with Mr. Temple in the title-character, in which he sang and acted with much vocal taste and genuine dramatic feeling. This was also the case with Madame Rose Hersee's Gilda; the principal scenes for the two characters having been very effectively rendered by each. The cast was otherwise also generally efficient. There was a good band and chorus, and Herr Meyer Lutz conducted skilfully.

Among concerts of interest last week were that of Messrs. Coenen, Buzian, and Lasserre at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon, and that of Herr Ludwig and Madame Frickenhaus in the same room in the evening; and another of Mr. John L. Child, last Saturday evening, at St. George's Hall.

Mr. Sims Reeves gave his last concert of the second series at the Albert Palace, Battersea, last Saturday evening, when he sang some of his most popular songs with great effect; other eminent artists having contributed to a varied programme. Instead of an encore of one of his songs, Mr. Reeves addressed the audience in recognition of the patronage bestowed on his concerts, and expressed his intention to resume them in the autumn.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will begin a new season at Drury-Lane Theatre next Monday evening with an English version of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with a strong cast. Much interest is excited by the promised production on June 8 of the new opera "Guillem le Troubadour," written by Mr. Francis Hueffer, and composed by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie. The book is of deep tragic interest, and the music—judging from a sight of the proof sheets before publication—is worthy of the composer's reputation.

Mr. George Cox gave a matinée musicale at the Grosvenor Hotel on Monday.

The forty-first performance of the Musical Artists' Society will take place this (Saturday) evening at Willis's Rooms.

THE GREEK PLAY.

The performance of "Helena in Troas," Mr. Todhunter's English play on the Greek classical pattern, at Hengler's Circus, in Argyll-street, was critically described last week by our discriminating reporter of theatrical novelties. It has been repeated on two or three afternoons of this week, for the pecuniary benefit of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. Our Illustrations show the arrangement of the stage and orchestra, as designed by Mr. E. W. Godwin, in strict accordance with what is supposed to have been the regular fashion of the ancient Greek theatre, which was, however, situated in the open-air temple of Dionysus or Bacchus. The Greek orchestra, it will be observed, was a wide dancing-floor around the altar of Bacchus, where the chorus moved in rhythmic combined gestures, while chanting their hymns and lyrical comments on the dramatic story. In the Illustration we give at the top of the page of Engravings, the chorus, which consists of fifteen ladies attired in the white "chiton" and the "peplos" of artistic drapery, with gold filets around their flowing hair, are seen entering from the door at the side of the proscenium, led by Miss Kinnaird, their "coryphæa" or conductor. "The tale of Troy divine" should by this time be pretty well known to the public in general; and we need not explain the relations of the personages, King Priam and Queen Hecuba, their son Paris (whose proper name was Alexander), and the beautiful Spartan Princess, Helena, whose conjugal infidelity was the "tetrissima causa" of the famous ten years' war. As for Menone, the earlier victim of Parisian inconstancy, her griefs are commemorated in one of Tennyson's poems, and serve here to add an ingredient of sentimental interest to the Homeric subject, which is treated more in the spirit of Euripides than of Homer.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. MICHEL.

Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Sir John Michel, G.C.B., P.C., Colonel 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, died on the 24th inst. He was born Sept. 1, 1804, the eldest son of Lieutenant-General John Michel of Dewlish, and Kingston Russell, in the county of Dorset, by Anne, his wife, eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry Fane, of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire; and represented a very ancient Cornish family, settled in Dorsetshire since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This very distinguished soldier entered the 57th Foot in 1823, and attained the rank of Field-Marshal in 1886. His military career included the Kaffir wars, the Indian Mutiny, the Crimean campaign, and the Chinese expedition; and he twice received the thanks of Parliament. He was made C.B. for his services in Kaffirland, 1846-7 and 1851-3; had the Medjidieh for his gallantry in the Crimea; commanded the Mhow field force, in the Indian Mutiny; and defeated the rebels under Tantia Toppe, at Bearara. In 1861 he was accorded the thanks of Parliament for "the skill, zeal, and intrepidity" shown in the capture of Pekin and the operations in China. In 1875 he was General commanding the forces in Ireland, and retained that important command till 1880, with the highest credit and with the affectionate regard of the people. He married, May 15, 1838, Louisa Anne, only daughter of Major-General H. Churchill, C.B., and leaves one surviving son and two surviving daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Thomas Elliott Hughes, R.A., Director-General of Ordnance, India, and Military Member of the Vice-regal Council.

General Henry Cracklow, Bombay Infantry, on the 15th inst., at Castle Hill, Inverness, in his eighty-third year.

Major-General John Cromie Blackwood De Butts, Royal Engineers, youngest son of the late General Sir Augustus De Butts, K.C.H., on the 15th inst., at Ewell, Surrey, aged sixty.

The Rev. James Royds, M.A., of Woodlands, Hartford, Cheshire, J.P., on the 14th inst., aged sixty-four.

An artesian tube well of 7½ in. diameter and 150 ft. deep has just been completed at St. Albans, in the valley of the river Ver. This tube well will supply the new pumping station of that city with 240,000 gallons of water daily from the chalk springs.

Madame Antoinette Sterling announces that she will give a morning concert at St. James's Hall next Monday afternoon. Vocalists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Griswold, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Feli. Instrumentalists: M. Vladimir De Pachmann, Signor Piatti, Mr. John Cheshire, and Mr. Coward.

The Duke of Cambridge, presiding on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, detailed the changes which would be made in the prize competitions of the coming Wimbledon meeting, among them being the addition of £240 to the Queen's Prize, the number of prizes in that competition being increased to 400.

Sir John Lubbock occupied the chair at the first annual banquet of the Shop Hours League and Traders' Parliamentary Association, on Tuesday night. Several members of Parliament were present, and Mr. Broadhurst expressed his belief that the bill on the subject of shop hours would pass the House of Commons.

A magnificent new work on orchids, bearing the title "Reichenbachia," in which orchids are splendidly illustrated in colours and described by Mr. F. Sander, assisted by eminent scientific authorities, is in course of publication by Messrs. Sander and Co., orchid growers and importers. Each monthly part is to contain four plates, with descriptive letterpress in English, French, and German. The work is dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen.

The great flower show of the year was held on Friday and Saturday last at the Crystal Palace. Public favour appeared to be fairly divided between the orchids, roses, and table decorations, and each class was well worthy of admiration. An exhibition of roses, azaleas, pelargoniums, orchids, and other flowers was held on Tuesday in the Royal Horticultural Society's conservatory at South Kensington. The exhibition was of a representative and extensive character, but the show of azaleas was but limited.—Mr. William Eull's annual exhibition of flowering orchids, in the King's-road, Chelsea, is now at the height of perfection, and affords much gratification to the numerous visitors.

A richly sculptured reredos, the work of Mr. J. Forsyth, has been erected in Hackney church by the Rector, the Rev. Arthur Brook, and his wife, as a memorial to their father, the late Bishop of London.—Knowbury church, Ludlow, has lately been much improved in its internal appearance by the filling of the east window with Munich stained glass by Messrs. Mayer and Co. The window, which consists of three lights, contains the following appropriate subjects—viz., in the centre, the Crucifixion; in the left-hand light, a Jewish priest sacrificing a lamb as a burnt offering; and in the right, a Christian priest offering the Holy Eucharist.—A handsome stained-glass window, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, has been placed in Tottenhall church, Wolverhampton.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, completed her sixty-seventh year on Monday, having been born on May 24, 1819. This age has been exceeded by six only of the Sovereigns of England—namely, Queen Elizabeth, who attained the age of sixty-nine years; James II., who lived sixty-eight years; George II., seventy-seven years; George III., eighty-two years; George IV., sixty-eight years; and William IV., seventy-two years. Her Majesty succeeded to the Throne on June 20, 1837, on the death of her uncle, King William IV., and she will consequently enter upon the fiftieth year of her reign next month. This length of reign has been exceeded by two only of the Monarchs of England—namely, Henry III. and George III., the former of whom reigned fifty-six years and the latter for the long period of nearly sixty years. Her Majesty is the oldest reigning European Sovereign with two exceptions—the Emperor William of Germany, who has just entered upon his ninetieth year, and King Christian of Denmark, who has entered upon his sixty-ninth year. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, paid a visit to Windsor Castle, to present birthday gifts to her Majesty. Prince and Princess Christian drove to the castle, and took breakfast with her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales visited the Queen. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, drove to Bagshot Park, and spent the day there with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The bells of St. George's Chapel and the parish church, Windsor, were rung in honour of the Queen's birthday. Flags were displayed in the town, and salutes fired in the Long Walk and at Virginia Water. The official celebration in London will be to-day (Saturday), but on Monday church bells were rung and flags displayed, and a Royal salute was fired at the Tower.—Mr. Gladstone had a long interview with the Queen on Tuesday, and on Wednesday night her Majesty left for Scotland.—Mr. Alexander Melville has had the honour, by command of her Majesty, to submit for inspection, at Windsor Castle, his two large pictures just completed. The first represents her Majesty, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice, knitting the quilts presented to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley. The second represents General Gordon on his arrival at Khartoum, burning the instruments of torture.—The Queen has postponed the opening ceremony of Holloway College, at Mount Lee, Egham, to Wednesday, June 30.

By command of the Queen, the Princess of Wales held a Drawingroom on Thursday week, on behalf of her Majesty, at which there were large attendances of the Diplomatic and other circles; and many presentations were made. The Prince, the Executive President of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, received the Queen, on her Majesty's visit to the Exhibition on Friday morning, and conducted her over the entire Colonial Section, a portion of the Indian Section, and over "Old London." The Prince went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. His Royal Highness also presided at a meeting of the Duchy of Cornwall Council, at Buckingham-gate. The Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by Lady Suffield, Miss Knollys, and Mr. Holzmann, went to Herr Rubinstein's pianoforte recital at the St. James's Hall in the afternoon. Last Saturday morning the Prince presided at a meeting of the Standing Committee (Natural History) of the trustees of the British Museum. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, went to Mr. Charles Hallé's concert in Prince's Hall in the afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses were present at the performance of "The Schoolmistress" at the Court Theatre in the evening. The Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince returned his Imperial Highness's visit in the afternoon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left London on Monday morning on a visit to the Queen at Windsor, to congratulate her Majesty on the anniversary of her birthday. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, returned to London during the morning. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at a matinée at the Prince's Theatre in aid of the funds for providing a "bed" at the French Hospital, in London, for French musical and dramatic artists. The Prince went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. His Royal Highness was present at the annual dinner of the First Guards' Club at the Hôtel Métropole in the evening. The Princess has fixed Friday, June 25, at one p.m., for opening the new wing of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital.

An old building, which occupies an area of about 840 square feet, in Carter-lane, St. Paul's, has been sold for £8350, being at the high rate of £433,000 per acre, or about £10 per foot.

Sir James Paget, acting on behalf of Lady Wilson, on Tuesday unveiled a statue of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, in front of the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate. Sir Erasmus was a munificent benefactor to the institution.

Mr. Addington's collection of pictures was sold by Messrs. Christie for £16,810 last Saturday. Subsequently, two of Landseer's pictures were sold, one for £2047, and the other for £3205 10s.

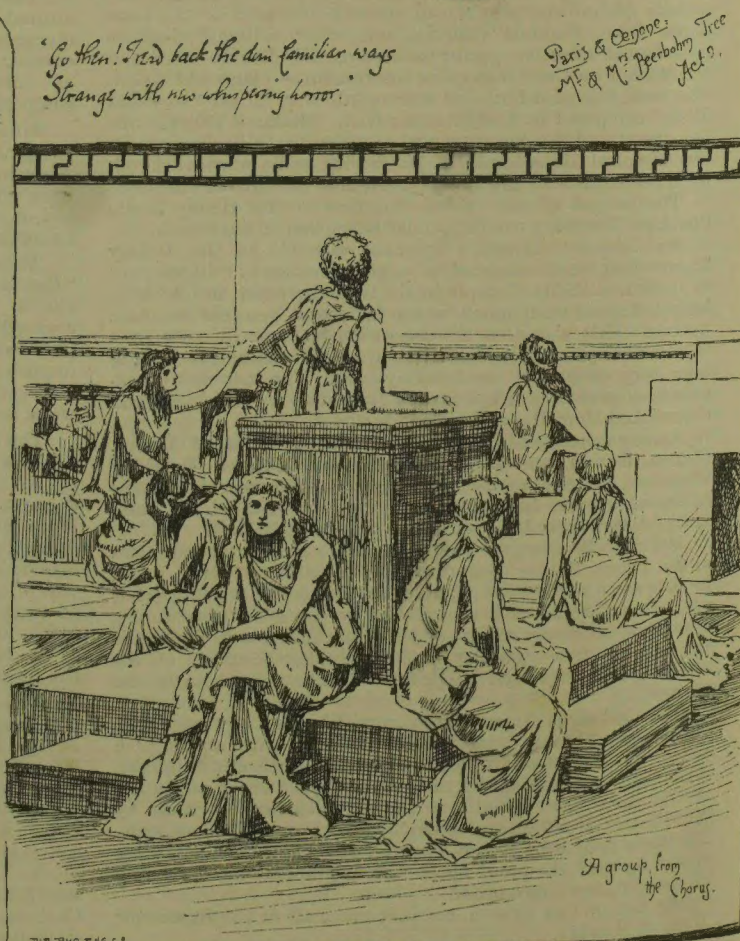
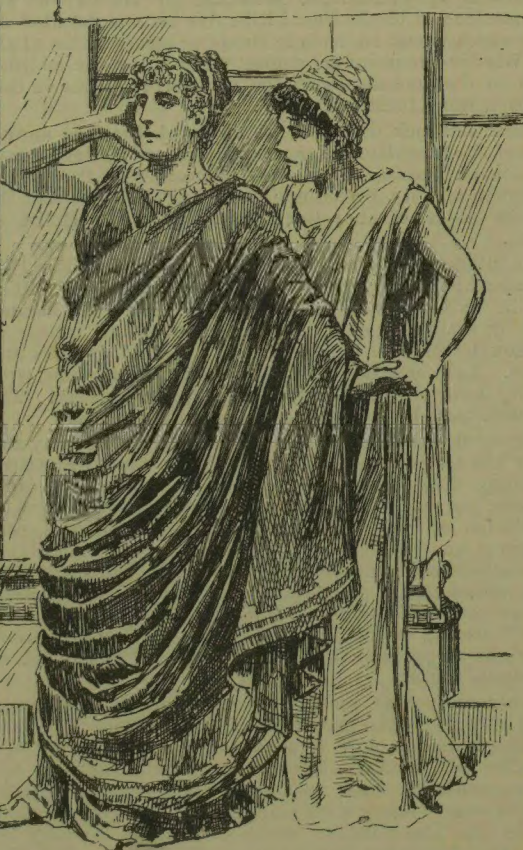
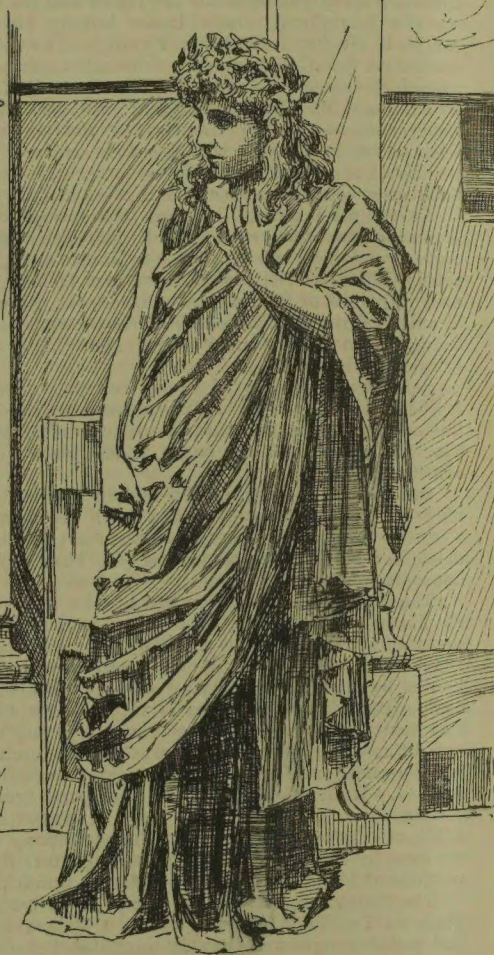
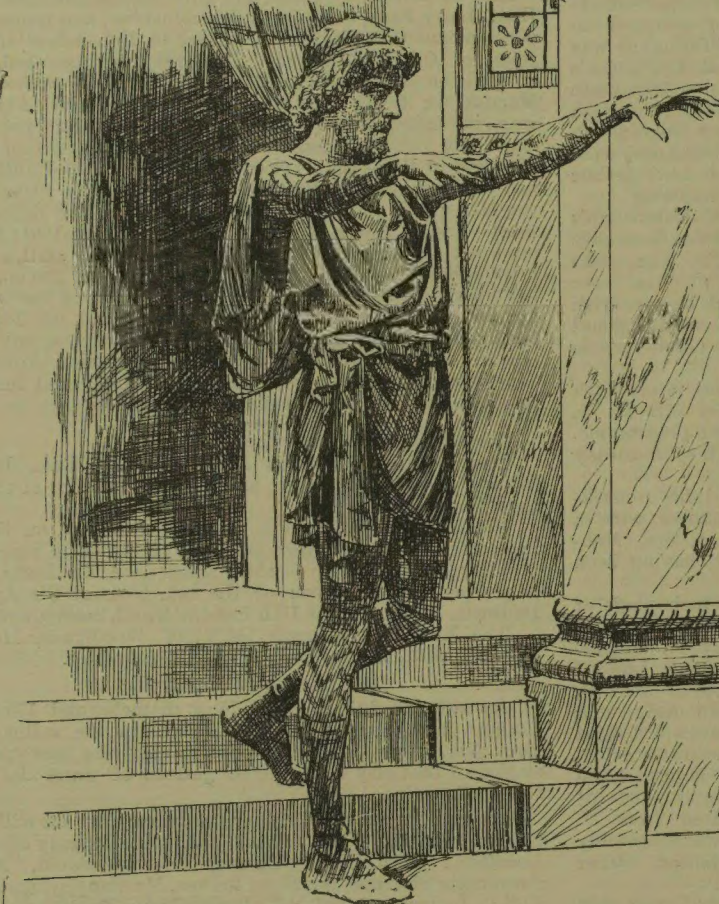
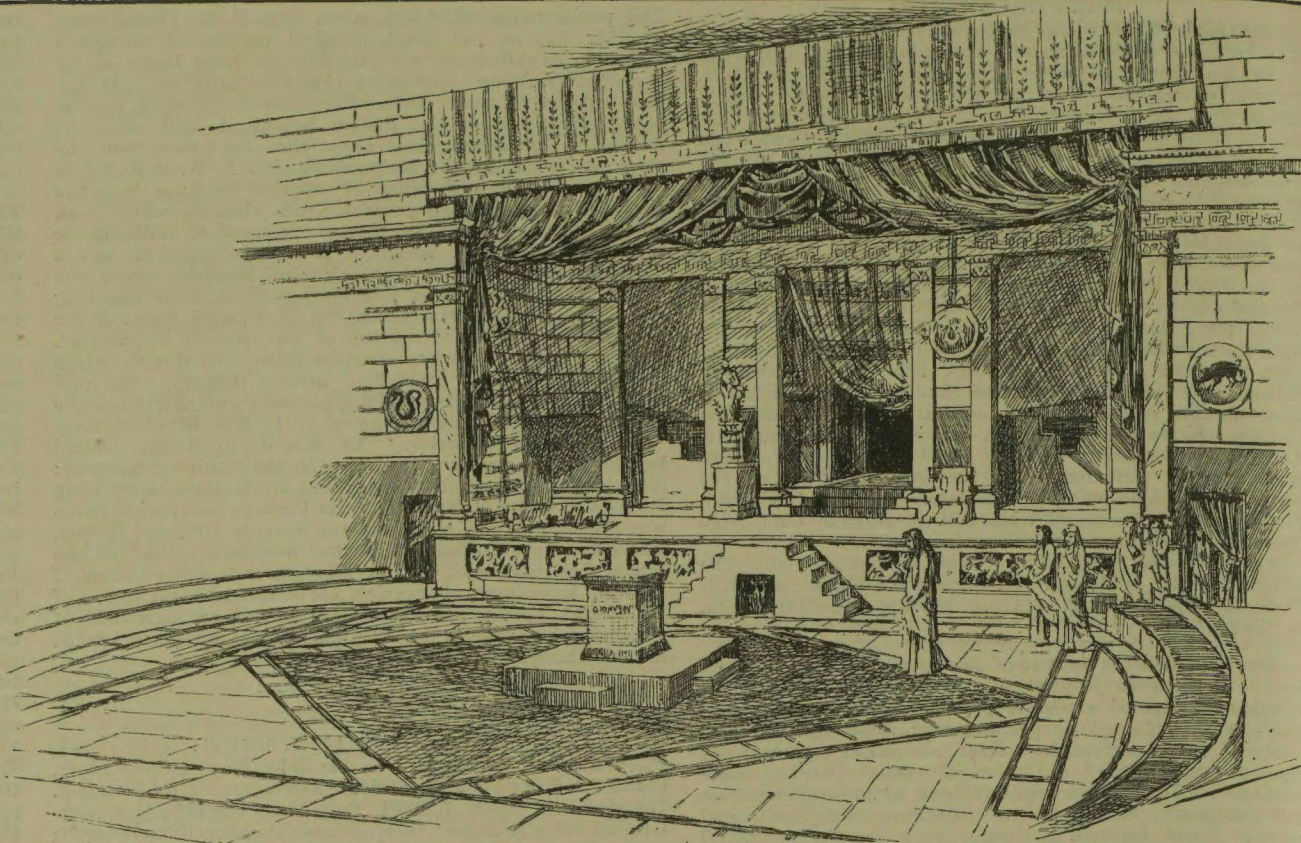
With a view to the improvement of the winding road leading from Eastbourne up the slopes of the South Downs to the summit of Beachy Head, 600 ft. above the level of the sea, the Duke of Devonshire has authorised his local agent to alter the carriage-drive up the promontory, at a cost of £10,000.

A sculling-match for the Championship of England Challenge Cup and £200 a side was rowed on the Thames last Monday between Neil Matterson, of Sydney, and George Perkins, of Rotherhithe. It was won easily by Perkins, who at the finish led by two or three lengths.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., following various illustrious precedents, intends to place his long experience at the service of young and somewhat advanced students, who will be admitted to his studio, where every means for their advancement will be afforded.

The stove department at the Edinburgh International Exhibition is now lighted by means of Defries' safety mineral-oil lamps, each one of sixty-two candle-power, with a consumption of only forty-one grains of oil per candle-light per hour. Special permission has been given by the insurance company for this installation.

On the opening day of the Epsom Summer Meeting, Mr. L. De Rothschild won the Craven Stakes with Middlethorpe, Mr. Chaplin the Belmont Stakes with Harhattan, Mr. Merry the Ashstead Plate with Bagpipe, Colonel Heyward the Egmont Plate with Ordovix, Mr. M. Dawson the Woodcote Stakes with The Baron, Mr. Hungerford the Norbury Plate with Periosteum, and Mr. Manton the Chetwynd Plate with Intruder. Wednesday's racing resolved itself into one race—the Derby, which was won, as generally prophesied, by the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde.





CARL RICKELT.
MAY 1886.

AN OLD SCORE.—BY CARL RICKELT.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 25.

The life of Paris, so far as exterior appearances are concerned, continues to be more and more absorbed by fêtes and various rejoicings, and the committee of the fêtes of industry and commerce may be congratulated upon having achieved its end, for it has really transformed Paris into a city of pleasure. The rejoicings in the gardens of the Tuileries, and of the Palais Royal have not, perhaps, been worthy of particular notice; but the military fêtes given on the Champ de Mars on Friday and Sunday presented certain novelties to the general public. The performers were cavalry troops, cadets from Saint Cyr, and from the Saumur cavalry school, and fifty Spahis who were sent over from Algeria specially for the amusement of the Parisians. The cadets showed their skill in equitation in every possible way, and executed the various figures and exercises of a carrousel. An inclosure, figuring the lists or *champ clos* of the old days of chivalry, was formed at the end of the Champ de Mars, and a grand stand, holding 15,000 spectators, was constructed along one side. In this stand the chief guest was the President of the Republic, who sat in the centre, having on each side all the celebrities of fashion, wealth, and leisure. At the end of the carrousel three ladies presented ribbons and medals to the officers who had been most successful in the exercises of tilting at a ring, throwing the javelin, and skewering cardboard heads. Then the Spahis, in their brilliant red-and-white burnous and splendid trappings, careered wildly over the Champ de Mars, firing off their guns, uttering wild cries, and going through the simulacrum of attacking a provision-train in the desert. Then followed further exercises by cavalry regiments, and, finally, a cavalry charge, which halted brusquely within a few yards of the grand stand. At the first of these fêtes, on Friday, there were a few accidents, and several times the crowd had to be driven back by the cavalry. On Sunday, however, the measures for preserving order were better. The gate-money produced by these two fêtes amounted to nearly £20,000. Literally, all Paris seemed to be there.

The feature of the fête which excited most curiosity was certainly the presence of the Spahis, who have not been seen in Paris since 1878, when a detachment of them guarded the Algerian section. The Spahis are the native cavalry formed by the French in Algeria, and consisting now of three regiments, each having six squadrons, commanded by French superior officers, and employed in frontier service. The Spahis are not garrison soldiers. On the contrary, they live with their wives and children, and divide their time between agriculture and war. The Spahis are extraordinary horsemen, and look most picturesque in their red vests, blue trousers, Arab boots, red cloaks, and white burnous. At present they are general favourites in Paris; everybody wants to see them, while they are so anxious to see everything during their brief visit to the capital that they hardly sleep at all, but wander about the streets all night, marvelling at this Paris, which seems to them, as one of them has said, "much larger than the desert."

What with these fêtes, with the dog show, the Chantilly race week, and the general high-pressure programme of amusements which usually precede the Grand Prix, Paris would be a perfect sunny paradise were it not for the politicians, who have been discussing all the week that old question of the expulsion of the Princes. These unfortunate Princes, it appears, have manifested themselves as pretenders to the Throne by inviting a mixed crowd to take tea with them on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Amélie with the Duc de Bragança. Shall all the Princes of ex-Royal or Imperial families be expelled? Shall certain of them alone—for instance, the Comte de Paris and Prince Victor Bonaparte—be expelled? Shall certain Reactionaries be prosecuted for high treason? Such were the questions that the Cabinet Council had to examine in order to be ready for the interpellations of the Chamber, which met to-day for the first time since the Easter holidays. The Ministers, however, failed to come to any decision at the Council held this morning, and the matter still remains in suspense.

The great artistic event of the week was the sale of the Defoe collection of fifty very choice modern French pictures, which brought a total of 1,035,000*f*. The highest price paid was 128,000*f*. for Meissonier's "1814," a portrait of Napoleon I. on a white horse, sold at the Ruskin sale in 1881. Millet's "Man with a Hoe" sold for 57,000*f*.; Corot's "Fauns and Nymphs," 65,100*f*.; Fromentin's "Fantasia," 68,000*f*.; Rousseau's "Bords de la Loire," 55,000*f*.; Meissonier's "Voyageur," "Rieur," and "Joueurs de Boules," respectively 30,500*f*., 25,000*f*., and 46,700*f*.

The French Derby on Sunday resulted in a dead-heat between Comte De Bertaux's Upas and Baron A. De Schickler's Sycamore. Mr. C. J. Lefevre's Fils d'Artois was third. The stakes were divided.

On Saturday and Sunday, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the death of Victor Hugo, many delegations of various corporations visited the tomb of the poet in the Pantheon, and deposited fresh wreaths and flowers on the steps of the monument to replace those which have been rotting there during the past twelve months.

No less than 107 architects have sent in plans and projects for the Universal Exhibition of 1889. These plans are now on view at the Hôtel de Ville.

T. C.

The infant King of Spain was christened last Saturday by the Archbishop of Toledo in the chapel of the palace. Eight names were given to him, the first two of which are Alfonso Leon. The Pope was his godfather, and was represented by the Nuncio. Don Carlos has published a manifesto, protesting against the child being proclaimed King, and declaring that he will never renounce his own claims to the Spanish throne.

The Duke of Bragança, Crown Prince of Portugal, was married last Saturday, in the Church of San Domingo, Lisbon, to Princess Marie Amélie, the eldest daughter of the Count and Countess of Paris. The parents of the young couple, and the most distinguished people in the Portuguese kingdom, were present at the ceremony, which was conducted with much magnificence, the Patriarch of Lisbon being the officiating priest. Special representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe, of the Emperors of Brazil and Japan, and of the republics of France and Guatemala, attended to do honour to the young couple. Prince George of Wales represented Queen Victoria. From the church the Royal bridal party drove to the Belem Palace, along streets crowded with people, who heartily cheered them. On Tuesday the Royal marriage festivities at Lisbon concluded with a review and a display of fireworks.

The Emperor of Austria returned on the 20th inst. to Vienna from Buda-Pesth. The Empress will remain at the castle of Buda till the 30th, and will then go to Feldaffing, on Lake Starnberg.—The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet on the 19th inst. passed, by 232 against 140 votes, the supplementary credits asked for by the Government to the amount of 19,000,000*f*., the various amendments proposed by the Opposition being rejected; and, on the 21st, the Upper House unanimously adopted the Landsturm Bill.

The annual spring review of Guards was held on Friday, the 21st inst., at Tempelhof, near Berlin, and was, as usual, made the occasion of a great festival by the people of Berlin, who assembled in immense numbers to greet the German Emperor. The weather was splendid, and the whole review a brilliant success. The Emperor was received with boundless enthusiasm. He did not leave the carriage, but drove slowly down the ranks, followed by a brilliant suite, which included the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The review was followed by the usual gala dinner of 350 covers, after which the Emperor attended the opera.—On Sunday the Emperor opened the Fine Art Exhibition organised at Berlin in celebration of the jubilee of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The Crown Prince, in his capacity of President of the Exhibition Committee, received the Emperor, and then read to his Majesty an address. Among the dinners given on Monday in honour of the birthday of Queen Victoria was one given by the Crown Prince and Princess at their summer residence, in the New Palace at Potsdam. The Emperor himself proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk by the company standing, while a military band played the English National Anthem.—Professor Leopold von Ranke, the German historian, died in Berlin on Sunday night, in the presence of his family. Since Friday his condition had remained unchanged. He was born in December, 1795, and was therefore in his ninety-first year. The Emperor William addressed a letter of condolence to the eldest son of the late Professor; and messages were received from several Sovereigns, including one from Queen Victoria. Another German historian, George Waitz, died on Monday, aged seventy-two.—The Reichstag has voted the third reading of the Sugar Bill, fixing the sugar tax at eighteen pennings (two pence), and the bounty at eighteen marks, from Oct. 1 next till the end of November, 1887, after which it will be seventeen marks and a quarter.

In presence of the Czar and Czarina, the new Russian iron-clad *Tchesme* was successfully launched on the 19th inst.; and on Saturday last, at Sebastopol, the launch of a new man-of-war, *Catharine II.*, took place at Nicolaieff in the presence of the Czar and Czarina. The Emperor signalled his visit to the Crimea, not only by the launching of ironclads, opening of docks, and laying the foundation of barracks, but by issuing a manifesto. Addressing the officers and men of the Black Sea Fleet, he states that circumstances may force him to the armed defence of the dignity of his Empire, and to them he confides the defence of the honour and safety of Russia. The Emperor and Empress arrived at Moscow on Tuesday, and drove to the Imperial Palace in the Kremlin.

The Greek question seems to be approaching a solution at last. The King has signed a Royal decree for the disarmament of the Reserves and Volunteers; and the peace party has achieved a great victory in the Chamber. M. Delyannis, the late Premier, who had been proposed as a candidate for the Speakership, was defeated by a majority of nearly two to one. The successful deputy is a supporter of M. Tricoupis, who was at once invited by the King to form a new Ministry, and has this time accepted the task. His Cabinet is generally approved. He is the Premier and Minister of Finance, and will temporarily discharge the duties of War Minister. On the frontier tranquillity has been restored.

A member of the late Board of Aldermen of New York City, Mr. Jahne, has been convicted of having accepted a bribe for his vote on behalf of the Broadway Tramway Scheme, and sentenced to be imprisoned for nine years and ten months.

The New South Wales Legislative Assembly has passed in Committee, by 47 votes against 30 votes, a resolution embodying the *ad valorem* duties proposed by the Hon. Sir P. A. Jennings in his financial statement.

AN OLD SCORE.

The elderly man, who has laid aside his beloved violoncello for a quiet perusal of some dusty papers, is famous in the rustic German village where all his life has been spent, but the great world outside its boundary has never heard of his name. He is the musical *maestro* of that small community, an enthusiast in the tuneful art, a student of Bach's scientific fugues, and the composer of a few simple pieces, one of which is the manuscript of a song now held in his hands, while the air, as he reads this "old score," again resounds in the chamber of his brain. It is a tender love-song, the production of his youth, when sentimental emotions could sway a susceptible heart. The memory of some Gretchen or Lieschen, a fair maiden of blonde complexion with a bewitching smile, who was possibly the source of his lyrical inspiration, rises once more before him; and his feelings are a mixture of sweet and bitter, though exceedingly mild at this distance of time, in recalling the vows of affection that were destined to be weakened, on both sides, by further experience of life, and never realised the intended union. Many old men and women, in every country, might find in their personal remembrance, if not in some bundle of ancient letters, occasion for similar reflections on the past, and these may often be contemplated without any passionate regret. "Old scores" of this nature are not always paid, but the mutual debt is calmly forgiven, and there is peace of mind in the end.

We understand that the private view of Messrs. Cassell's Black and White Exhibition, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, will be held on Wednesday next, June 2. The exhibition will open to the public the following day, and continue open till the 18th.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, as the guest of the St. George's Club, Hanover-square, received on Monday the congratulations of a large number of the members of the club on his safe arrival in this country.—Dr. Holmes has been offered the Cambridge degree, and will receive it in the Senate House on June 17. He will visit Oxford in the same month as the guest of Professor Max Müller.

Another large shipment of fruit from South Australia and New South Wales has reached the market for colonial produce held in connection with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The South Australian consignment consisted of apples, pears, oranges, grapes, quinces, almonds, raisins, currants, &c. A case of eleven pears weighed no less than 31½ lb., five of them being 16½ lb. The shipment from New South Wales comprised twelve cases of apples and grapes from the district of Orange.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, travelling privately, left Dublin on Monday for Killarney, arriving there in the evening. They were received with enthusiastic cheers by a large crowd. Cheers were also given for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell. His Excellency was presented with an address assuring him of the affection of the people for the representative of a Government which had set itself to the task of "healing the rankling wounds of seven centuries." Passing through the town of Kenmare on their way to Glengariffe on Tuesday, Lord and Lady Aberdeen received an enthusiastic welcome. The band played "God Save the Queen," and addresses were read by the Roman Catholic Archdeacon and the Protestant Rector. His Excellency, in his reply, said he hoped a new era was opening for the people of Ireland.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Queen has signified her consent to become the patron of the Ragged School Union.

Earl Beauchamp presided at the fifty-ninth annual festival dinner of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, held on Tuesday night at Willis's Rooms. The list of subscriptions and donations, amounting to £1280, included a donation of thirty guineas from the chairman and £262 10*s*. contributed by representatives of composing departments.

The annual dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution was given on Tuesday evening at the City Terminus Hotel, where the chair was taken by Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall, who strongly urged the claims of the purveyors of intelligence upon the community which they served. As an evidence of his strong interest in the institution, he made a donation of £1000 to the funds, and further contributions to the extent of £1400 were announced.

Mr. Cosmo Bonser, M.P., presided at the anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, held at the Crystal Palace, when subscriptions and donations to the extent of £6000 were announced, including the chairman's list of £2400, and Mr. Walter Venner's list of 1200 guineas.

At the annual dinner of the Provident Surgical Appliance Society, at Willis's Rooms, the Duke of Portland in the chair, the subscriptions amounted to £1072.

The eighth festival dinner of the friends of the East London Hospital for Children took place at St. James's Hall. Sir R. Webster, Q.C., M.P., presided, and £1333 was subscribed.

Lord Halsbury presided at the festival dinner of the Public Dispensary, Clare-market, which was held at the Albion Hotel, £320 being collected.

General Brownrigg, Provincial Grand Master of Surrey, took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. The subscriptions amounted to £13,029, of which London contributed £5262 and the provinces £7766.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern—Mr. H. Smith, Deputy Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, in the chair. The annual report stated that the sum annually paid in annuities to aged Masons and widows was £13,756, and the committee did not at present recommend a larger annual expenditure. A strong appeal was made to the craft for still further assistance.

The Duke of Buccleuch presided at the seventy-first annual festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Duchess was present. The school had suffered from the commercial depression, and the management had been compelled to sell out £2000 stock to meet current expenses. The subscriptions, including £107 10*s*. from the Duke, and ten guineas from the Duchess, amounted to £1391.

The Yorkshire Society held its seventy-fourth annual festival at the Holborn Restaurant. The Dean of York (the chairman), Sir Albert Rollet, the Lord Mayor of York, and other speakers advocated the cause of the society's school for Yorkshire boys, in the Westminster Bridge-road, and a large amount was subscribed in its aid and for its extension.

The disused burial-ground of St. Mary-le-Strand, in Russell-court, Drury-lane—a spot described as being identical with "Tom All Alone's," in "Bleak House"—has, owing to the action taken by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, been opened as a playground for the children living in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane.

The Leathersellers' Company have granted £100 towards the Beaumont Trust Fund, for the establishment of a People's Palace in East London.

The Lord Mayor presided yesterday week at a public meeting at the Mansion House in furtherance of an Industrial Exhibition, proposed to be held at Bethnal-green next year. The speakers included Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Lorne. It was resolved to raise a guarantee fund of £25,000.

Exeter Hall was crowded last Saturday evening on the occasion of the annual meeting on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which were organised in the East-End of London twenty years ago by Dr. Barnardo. Lord Polwarth occupied the chair.

The annual collection in workshops and factories in aid of the medical charities of Birmingham took place last Saturday, and resulted in a total of about £6000.

Sir George Elliot, in laying the foundation-stone last week of the Missions to Seamen Church Institute at Newport, Monmouthshire, which is to cost £3500, announced his intention of building the Sailors' Home adjoining at his own expense, the estimated cost being about £1000.

A fancy dress ball, in aid of the funds of the North London or University College Hospital, will be given at Willis's Rooms next Tuesday, June 1.

An amateur dramatic performance will be given next Thursday evening at St. George's Hall, in aid of the funds of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. It will be under the immediate patronage of the Duchess of Argyll, the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Arundell of Wardour, Lord Wolverton, and other friends of the hospital.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., the new president of the Newspaper Press Fund, will preside at the annual dinner, at Willis's Rooms, next Saturday, June 5, when he will be supported by a considerable gathering of members of both Houses of the Legislature, and representatives of the services, art, science, and literature. Many visitors to England from India and the colonies have also accepted invitations. The musical arrangements have been kindly undertaken by Colonel Mapleson.

Lord Charles W. Beresford, M.P., will preside at the anniversary festival of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, to be held on Wednesday, June 23.

There was a keen competition yesterday week for some of the principal vases in Lord Dudley's collection of china, sold at Christie's. Two pairs of vases were knocked down at two thousand guineas a pair, and the amount realised was £40,856.

A meeting of the members of an association for the voluntary extension of the allotments system was held at the Duke of Westminster's town residence on Monday—his Grace presiding—and a resolution was adopted in favour of forming local committees in rural districts with the object of obtaining for labourers such plots of land as they may require.

A large congregation assembled on Tuesday morning at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, to witness the marriage of Mr. Edward Evans Lombe, of Blyth Park, East Dereham, to Miss Albinia Leslie Melville, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Melville. Among those present were the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, Lord and Lady Middleton, the Earl of Leven and Melville, Lord and Lady Erne, Lord and Lady Robartes, Lady Falmouth and the Hon. Miss Boscawen, the Ladies Bernard, and Lady Sophia Leslie Melville. The service was fully choral. The bride was followed by eight bridesmaids, and Mr. A. Evans Lombe acted as best man.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister's decision to hold a general meeting of Liberal members at the Foreign Office on Thursday sufficiently indicated the gravity of the political crisis occasioned by the introduction of the Ministerial measure for the extension of self-government to Ireland. Many suggestions have been made for the reconciliation of the disaffected sections of the Liberal Party, disunited on this critical matter of Home Rule. Mr. Henry Labouchere, in a published letter, recommended the withdrawal by Mr. Gladstone of the clause in the bill which proposes to disentitle Irish members from sitting in the Parliament at Westminster. Should the Premier act on this hint, and hold forth promise of further sweeping amendments to meet the views of other Liberals who, with reason, object to the bill as first formulated, he would bring back several dissentients to the Ministerial fold, and might then secure, at the second reading, formal sanction of the cardinal principle of the measure, that of bestowing local self-government on the Sister Isle. The Marquis of Hartington, however, has made it clear by repeated speeches that he is obdurate, that he has nailed his colours to the mast, and will resist Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill to the last. Still, in the interests of the United Kingdom, it is to be hoped the resources of negotiation are not exhausted, and that common ground of agreement may yet be found for an amicable settlement of the burning question of Irish government and administration.

A welcome diversion was afforded in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Mr. Labouchere, as usual when he rises to enliven proceedings, provided food for laughter. It was in his best vein of quiet unconscious humour that the hon. member fairly represented the prevailing sentiment of the House regarding the Derby Day. Amid approving laughter, Mr. Labouchere made this hit against Sir George Campbell, dry-as-dust type of those hostile to keeping Derby Day as a holiday:—"The man who could tamper with our holidays is either a bad man, or he is a crochety man, or he is a Scotchman." There was, indeed, a cacophonous chorus accompanying the whole of Mr. Labouchere's speech. His motion for the adjournment over the Derby Day was seconded by Mr. Isaacs; and was indorsed by a majority of 101—251 against 150 votes. Happily, fine weather favoured the Derby Day of what will henceforth be known to many Englishmen as Ormonde's year.

The House of Lords is not wedded to the one theme of Ireland. Their Lordships allowed Scotland to have an innings on the 20th inst. Conciliatory, deferential, and manly withal in delivery, the Earl of Dalhousie makes as good a Secretary for Scotland as the Earl of Aberdeen does a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Possessing these qualifications for office, Lord Dalhousie had little difficulty in persuading their Lordships to read the Crofters' Bill a second time; the Duke of Argyll, who expressed his admiration of the crofters, confining his opposition to an intimation that he would propose certain amendments in Committee. Anything that can lighten the hard lot of life for the crofters of Scotland will willingly be done by Parliament.

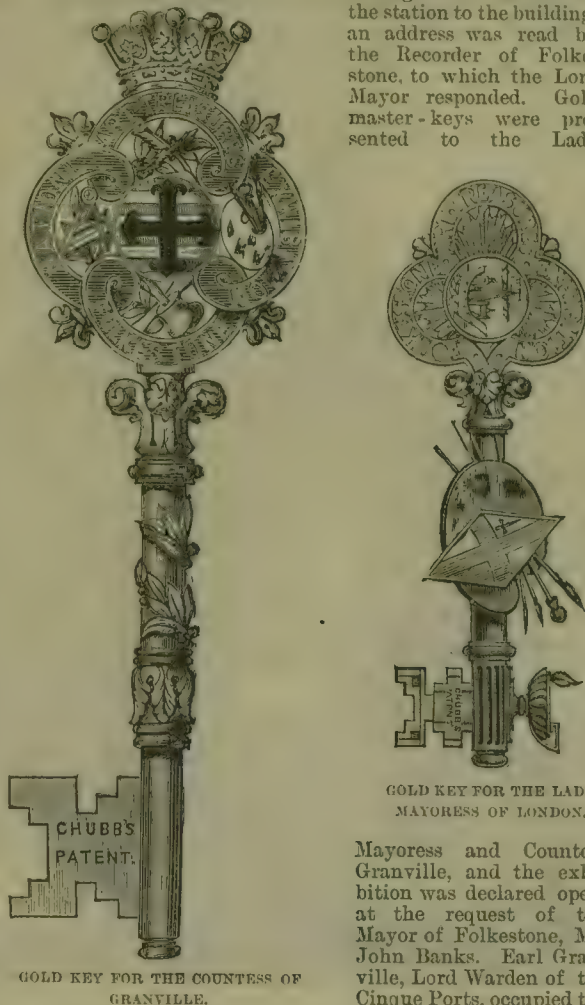
On the ticklish question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister much can be said, and much is said, on both sides. The Bench of Bishops, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, devoutly believe the desired alteration of the law would break up the sanctity of the family. But, inasmuch as these marriages have been and are frequently contracted as it is, it might be as logically held that the putting a ban on such unions has the effect of withholding the odour of sanctity from these ties. The Duke of St. Albans, in moving on Monday the second reading of the measure to legalise Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, ably marshalled the well-worn arguments in favour of the reform, and cited statistics to the effect that no less than from eight hundred to one thousand such marriages take place every year. His Grace also mentioned that the Lords approved the second reading in 1883, though they threw the bill out on the third reading. Lord Bramwell once again earnestly supported the measure, and the Duke of Argyll as warmly opposed it. In the end, it was negatived by a majority of 22—149 against 127 votes—the Prince of Wales voting in favour of the bill.

The giant's strength which the Marquis of Salisbury wielded in the Upper House was put forth on Tuesday afternoon against the Durham Closing Bill. The noble Marquis having, in a speech characteristically terse and epigrammatic, secured the rejection of this teetotal measure by a majority of 27, sought recreation at night, in common with many other illustrious Peers, at the Royal Italian Opera, the summer season of which was brilliantly opened on Tuesday with "Lucrezia Borgia" by Signor Lago.

The harmony so agreeably conveyed by the medium of the Royal Italian Opera (which seemed to solace Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill alike on Tuesday) is rather needed to soften the asperity of the wearisomely prolonged debate on the administration of Ireland. This asperity reached its height in the Commons on the 20th inst. *Toujours perdrie!* Letting the Irish Home Rule Bill slide for the evening, Mr. John Morley sought refreshment in the Irish Arms Bill, rendered necessary, the Irish Secretary intimated, as much by Ulster exuberance as by the condition of other parts of Ireland. Whereupon, Mr. Parnell expressed the hope that Ulster Orangemen as well as Nationalists should be disarmed under the measure. The Home Rule leader also rebuked Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Marquis of Salisbury for alleged incitements to lawlessness in Ulster. Lord Randolph Churchill's lively answer, to the effect that he had only referred to circumstances which might lead to "forcible resistance" on the part of Ulster, drew a dignified reply from Sir Henry James, and, later on, an animated remonstrance from Mr. Gladstone. The bill was eventually read by a majority of 214. In the long-drawn-out discussion on the Home Rule Bill, on the following evening (Friday), Mr. Justin McCarthy delivered a strong and sober argument in its favour, the Premier paying close attention to what he said; and the noticeable speeches by Mr. Finlay and Lord Kilmacarsie against were followed by a serenely calm address on behalf of the defence by Mr. Childers. Major Sanderson's lively philippic against Mr. Parnell and all his work excited the ire of perfervid Mr. W. O'Brien. On Monday there was an interval for Committee of Supply, in the course of which Mr. Peter Rylands vainly exhibited much inquisitiveness as to how the Secret Service money was expended. Sir Charles Russell on Tuesday rose to the height of his eloquence in defending the principle of Home Rule, and ridiculing the fulminations of Ulster members; whilst the evening's debate was further notable for Mr. Parnell's denial of the truth of Mr. Trevelyan's quotation attributing to the hon. member for Cork the saying that "None of us in Ireland or America will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." Mr. Parnell explicitly stated there was no foundation for his having used these words, or anything like them; and Mr. Trevelyan withdrew the allegation. The high ability of Mr. Healy in debate was proved afresh. But every section of the House is now anxious for the division.

THE FOLKESTONE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

Last Saturday the Lord Mayor of London opened the National Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone. A procession having been formed from the station to the building, an address was read by the Recorder of Folkestone, to which the Lord Mayor responded. Gold master-keys were presented to the Lady



Mayoress and Countess Granville, and the exhibition was declared open, at the request of the Mayor of Folkestone, Mr. John Banks. Earl Granville, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, occupied the chair at a luncheon which followed; among the guests were the Duke of Abercorn, Viscount and Viscountess Folkestone, Lord Brabourne, Lord Alfred Churchill, and Sir Edward and Lady Watkin. In the evening the general public were admitted to the exhibition, and the galleries and gardens were lighted by electricity. During the day and evening between 5000 and 6000 persons were admitted. The exhibition is situated within a few minutes' walk of Shorncliffe and Cheriton Arch railway station, the Lees, and the centre of the town; the grounds are tastefully ornamental, and externally the buildings are graceful in form. The structure is of iron and glass, consisting of a handsome central hall, with an arched roof of glass running from end to end, with parallel and rectangular galleries on each side; the main hall or nave being 70 ft. wide and 210 ft. long, while the side galleries are 330 ft. in length and 30 ft. wide. The dimensions are thus considerable, but none too large for the collection of articles exhibited. These number between 3000 and 4000, and embrace paintings by old and modern masters, sculpture, water-colour drawings, and drawings in monochrome; engravings, etchings, and photographs, with illustrations of the various methods of engraving; statuary and mosaics, enamels, bronzes, casts (antique or modern), musical instruments (ancient or modern); carved and engraved work in wood, stone, and ivory, and on metal; glass and gems, arms and armour, and artistic or curious work in metal, glass, porcelain, local antiquities, miscellaneous curiosities, and specimens of art manufactures. We present an illustration of the exhibition buildings, and others showing the design of the keys, which were manufactured by Messrs. Chubb and Sons.

DACHSHUNDS AND BASSET-HOUNDS.

The Dachshund and Basset-hound Clubs held their first public show of these two classes of dogs from Wednesday to Friday last week at the Westminster Royal Aquarium. Comprising male and female animals and puppies, the number exhibited was nearly 250, and some were excellent in the characteristic features of their species. There were five entries in the challenge class for dog dachshunds: the first prize went to Mr. H. A. Walker's well-known red dog Maximus, winner of many champion prizes, who also took two special cups, while the second fell to Mr. Harry Jones's red dog Joubert, also a well-known prize-winner. Mr. Harry Jones's Joan of Arc was first in the challenge class for bitches, and Mr. H. A. Walker's Hagar second. The prize for the reserve class fell to Mr. Harry Jones's Joubert. There were twenty entries in the open dog class: the first prize was awarded to Mr. H. A. Walker's Charkow, the second to the Rev. G. F. Lovell's Gil Blas, the third to Mr. H. A. Walker's Cardinal York, and the fourth to Mr. Harry Jones's Jackanapes. This dog was entered in five classes, and won five prizes—three first, one second, and one fourth—and a special cup. In the open bitch class, Mr. Samuel Vale's Cerise II. was first, Mr. W. Arkwright's Stylograph second, Mr. W. J. Ingram's Indiana third, and Mrs. P. Merriek Hoare's Griselda fourth. There were eleven entries for the puppy-dog class: the first prize fell to Mr. Harry Jones's Jackanapes, already mentioned, the second to Mrs. Merriek Hoare's Schuff, and the third to Mr. W. J. Ingram's Vinci. Of the thirteen entries in the corresponding bitch class, Mr. W. Arkwright's Stylograph was first, Mr. A. W. Byron's Eve second, and Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Ickle Sing third. There were nineteen entries in the novice class for dogs and bitches that had never won a prize at any show registered in or for the Kennel Club stud books; and Mr. Jones's Jackanapes took first prize, Mr. Cecil C. Higgin's Mäane the second, Mr. W. J. Ingram's Set the third, and Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Ickle Sing the fourth. In the selling handicap class, Mr. Norman Smith's Iolanthe and Mr. Harry Jones's Jackanapes were the chief prize-winners. The basset-hounds were a fair collection, and some of them were very good. The challenge prizes for dogs fell to Mr. W. F. Blain's Bourbon, and for bitches to Mr. G. R. Krehl's Pallas III. In the open dog class, Mr. Louis Lane's Ramono II. was first, Mr. F. W. Blain's Bayard second, Mr. W. W. Kellogg's Gulliver third, and Mr. G. B. Northcote's Zeus fourth, of twenty-one entries. There were nineteen entries in the corresponding bitch class.

NOVELS.

Property is responsible for so much that is both painful and wrong, for so much sin and sorrow, that it is wonderful, to people who have not any at all, why other people who have some (and perhaps more than some) do not voluntarily get rid of it without waiting to have their windows broken by Social Democrats or other philanthropists, so that there would be little or no fear lest a gentleman, "religiously inclined," after the pattern of the chief delinquent in *Belamere*: by G. Curzon (Sampson Low and Co.), should be led away to follow Mammon. Of course, upon his deathbed (in other words, when it is too late), he repents him of the evil that he has done, and he shows a laudable desire to make all the reparation in his power; but he omits to make it sufficiently clear in what particular spot (a secret drawer, or something of that kind) he has hidden the documents which would put a despoiled orphan in full possession of undoubted rights, just as if he had known that too plain directions would interfere with an author who might be steadfastly purposed to fill three volumes. The orphan, therefore, is ruthlessly sacrificed; and, being a girl, is pestered by all manner of suitors, of whom one may and another may not be acquainted with the particulars of her case, until the orthodox tale of three volumes is accomplished. Then the secret drawer becomes quite obtrusive, thrusts itself upon notice as it were, all but opens itself under the very nose of an exceedingly lady-like but a somewhat disingenuous widow (as many widows—no doubt, unjustifiably—are supposed to be), out comes the mysterious certificate, tardy justice is done, cross purposes are set straight, and two love-affairs are arranged most satisfactorily. There may not be much incident about the novel, and it may be a little trying to the reader to know—not, indeed, where the certificate is exactly, or how to get at it—but, what is far more important, what the real facts are, and yet to have to wait and watch the various characters blundering about, like performers in a game of "blind man's buff," until it pleases the author to tell them that they "burn," and so help them till they reap the reward of their search. Still, it is an eminently readable story.

No illustration of the confidence trick will be found in *Trust Me*: by Mrs. J. K. Spender (John and Robert Maxwell), whatever hopes may be inspired by the title. The story is about a lovely young woman and an eccentric (but wealthy) old maid, with a lover or two, of course, thrown in, to make life a burden to one another through rivalry for the hand of the beautiful girl. Now, an old maid, if only she be wealthy enough, may be as eccentric and as arbitrary as she pleases, and set public opinion at defiance; her neighbours will accept her dictation together with her hospitality, and will avenge themselves upon their inferiors and dependants. However, the old maid in question does not exercise a very cruel despotism; she only persists in having her own way. Perceiving, therefore, in her prophetic soul that something very uncommon must some day be done by the aforesaid lovely and very impulsive girl, who is beset by lovers on the one hand, and by a harsh, puritanical, and even brutal uncle on the other, the old maid lays strict injunctions upon the lovely girl to come to her when the time of trouble arrives. Accordingly, one fine morning, about the hour at which sluggards are offended by the milkman's squeal, there is found lying at the door of the eccentric old maid the senseless but not lifeless form of the lovely girl, who, on being "brought round," simply requests that she may be taken in, entertained, and no questions asked. This is the explanation of "Trust Me," in the first instance: though confidence of the kind is required more than once before the story reaches its conclusion, and, sad to relate, is not accorded by everybody—not even by the hero, if that name can be given to such a recreant lover as the creature whom the heroine loves. She is the victim of heartless treachery; but she has her reward: the old maid leaves her moneys (which, however, the recipient employs for other than selfish purposes), and in the background is an honest man who will do his best to make her happy. There is considerable power displayed throughout the tale; some of the scenes are very impressive and affecting; others are simply entertaining; of good descriptions there is no lack, whether of animate or inanimate nature; and, if the thread be decidedly thin, it is pretty strong, with many interesting knots at judicious intervals.

Glorification of the illustrious Abbé Liszt (and nobody, probably, will be found to object to that) appears to have formed a part of the purpose developed in *A Left-handed Marriage*: by Mrs. Oscar Beringer (Remington and Co.); but the main object was undoubtedly to keep the reader's attention awake with a succession of shocks and surprises. And this object may be said to have been pretty satisfactorily attained. The scene in which the Hungarian national dance is performed with singular energy and grace by a middle-aged Prince and a lovely young Princess, the former being in what he would have called love with the latter, whilst the accompaniment is played by a heaven-born musician, the said Prince's unacknowledged son, who is himself in still hotter love with the said Princess, and who ends by dealing his father a blow in the face before their common goddess's very eyes, is extremely effective; more effective even than the scene in which the Princess, having married the Prince and run away from him, tries all she can to overcome his son's virtuous scruples. Not that she is aware at the time of the relationship, though she seems to have (very reasonably) had her suspicions for a long while; but the virtuous son happens to be a married man, and she knows that well enough. To tell the truth, one cannot help thinking that a lady of so much acuteness and resource could not have failed to divine or discover by inquiry the real state of the case; and the horror with which she recoils, when things have gone almost too far for recovery and when she can no longer be blind to the facial and some other evidence of the aforesaid relationship, comes upon the reader with the greater surprise, because it has seemed all along that she must have had an inward conviction of how the matter stood, and have made up her mind to "go through with it." The title scarcely does justice to the actuality: for there is not only one "left-handed marriage," but a second, and something romantic and sensational comes of each. The story is professedly a tale of "musical life"; it is told with no little power and vivacity, as well as with a certain amount of tenderness; and it offers a gratifying, if also an astonishing, picture of the grand society, both English and foreign, but especially the latter, in which successful musicians, both vocal and instrumental, are accustomed to move, on terms not only of friendship but of familiarity. It is true that the hero-musician or musician-hero is the "left-handed" son of a German Prince; but he does not put that on his visiting (or professional) cards; and somehow he appears to consider it rather a disgrace than an honour. How different were the feelings of a certain character in "King John," and, by-the-way, of Sir W. Davenant himself, under somewhat similar circumstances, though in their case there was no pretence of so much as a "left-hand"!

Mr. Oberthur's concert will take place next Wednesday morning at Prince's Hall. He will be ably assisted.



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THE ROAD TO THE DERBY.

That great social institution of London life, the annual expedition to the famous holiday scene on Epsom Downs, was formerly associated, of necessity, with the long procession of vehicles and horsemen through the pleasant roads of Surrey, from Kennington and Clapham, by way of Balham, Tooting, Merton Abbey, Morden, Cheam, and Ewell, a route of sixteen miles from town, which is still thronged on every Derby Day, but which many visitors to the racecourse now avoid by the railway train. The road would indeed be pleasant, if it were not for the dust, and perhaps the enjoyment of its rural character is rather spoiled by the concourse of vulgar, high and low in pretension, but alike disagreeable to a refined mind, which pours out of the metropolis upon this special occasion. It may be seen aloft on the top of the smart four-in-hand drag, or in the luxurious hired carriage of a private party, as well as in the costermonger's cart; the amount of money spent on this customary trip is no guarantee for good manners; but there are, we need hardly say, among the miscellaneous assemblage, some well-bred and well-behaved people whose unobtrusive demeanour, and the quiet dignity of their appearance, give them true distinction in such a motley moving crowd. Our Artist, with an eye to humorous eccentricities and droll accidents, which are plentifully to be observed on the morning of the great race, has furnished a page of Sketches,

the general truth of which is not to be denied. With reference to one trick of disgusting annoyance here represented, of which the ladies in an open carriage are made the victims, it may be mentioned that the Chief Commissioner of Police has issued a notice prohibiting the use of "squirts." But the Derby Day, and every Bank Holiday, in and round London more than anywhere else in the civilised world, must be regarded as All Fools' Day, and kept accordingly, by that large portion of mankind who thereby confess themselves to be chiefly concerned in sacrificing to the spirit of folly.

To meet the increasing demand for elementary instruction in drawing, *Ver Foster's Drawing-Books* (Blackie and Son, London, Glasgow, and Dublin) are now being issued at the nominal price of twopenny each. Already sanctioned by the Science and Art Department, and adopted by the Board of National Education, Ireland, they constitute an almost necessary adjunct to the "apparatus and materials" which make a formidable item in school bills, public and private. The series consists of twelve parts, subdivided into a varying number of books; and each book not only contains examples, but instructions and papers on which to draw. Starting from initiatory lessons, the course passes through letters, numerals, domestic objects, with straight and curved lines, leaves and flowers, and ornament, to trees, boats, and animals, and finally

to the human figure. Geometrical drawing has a series of its own, starting with definitions in simple problems to models for working drawings and details of machines and engines. Apart from the instruction in drawing afforded by the examples, these little books might be found useful in conveying to town-pent children an accurate idea of the differences between trees and plants, which are often to such only names, conveying no sense of shape or variety.

Under the title of "Helps to Belief," Messrs. Cassell and Co. announce a series of "helpful manuals on the religious difficulties of the day." Three of these excellent little works have been published—"Creation," by the Bishop of Carlisle; "The Divinity of Our Lord," by the Bishop of Derry; and "Prayer," by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore.

Messrs. Foster, of 54, Pall-mall, will sell next Wednesday and two following days, by direction of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, the well-known fine-art publishers, 2000 water-colour drawings and oil paintings by artists of eminence.

Among the many novelties issued by Messrs. Parkins and Gatto, of Oxford-street, may be mentioned their "Yokohama Note-paper and Envelopes," the dainty designs on which, faintly outlined, are produced from woodcuts engraved by an eminent Japanese artist especially for this firm. Their "Every-day Note," also, each sheet bearing a day of the week, written in large at the top, will be found handy by many.

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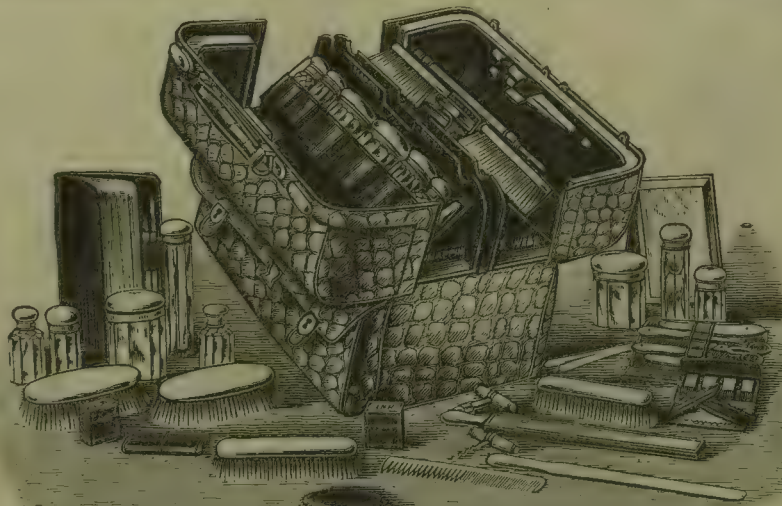
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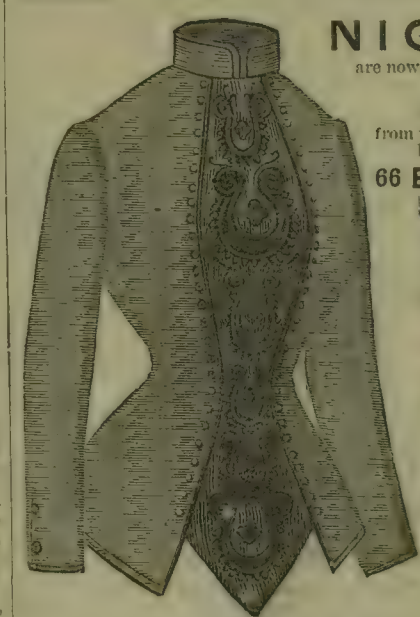
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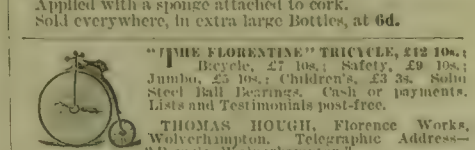
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Music by LOUIS DIEHL.

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'Tis very kind, Sir! that you've a mind, Sir!
To come so far to woo!
But then, you see, Sir! 'tis plain to me, Sir!
Pray don't say I'm too bold,
If I explain, Sir! don't come again, Sir!
For really you're too old.
Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay,"
Hearts can't be forced at will;
Never despair, there are plenty to spare,
For every Jack there's a Jill.

Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir?
Another come to woo.
I should much grieve, Sir! you to deceive, Sir!
But really you won't do!
You're middle age, Sir! and I'll engage, Sir!
You always want your way,
I can't agree, Sir! to wed with thee, Sir!
So fare you well, Good day!
Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

Good day, Sir! what did you say, Sir?
I sigh, dear heart for you.
You sigh for me, Sir! will I agree, Sir!
To heed your passion true?
'Tis sweetly sung, Sir! I am but young, Sir!
But since you press me so,
Though I should try, Sir! you to deny, Sir!
I find I can't say No.
Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham.

Music by A. H. BEHREND.

They tell me, dear, you are going
Far from the old country;
Into a wonderful new world,
A world across the sea;
But we in the old world homestead
Have lived the years away;
We could not begin again, dear,
So 'tis better for us to stay!

You will have yours beside you,
We shall be lonely here,
It has never seemed like the old place
Since you were married, dear;
But so long as you are happy,
So long as your life is bright,
I can say, whatever happens,
It will sure, in the end, be right!

And you'll think sometimes of old friends
In your new home o'er the sea;
While in ev'ry pray'r we say, dear,
A thought of you will be,
For toil, and trouble, and parting,
Are the lot of our lives at best;
Hear'n's the only world, dear,
Where there's perfect rest!

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TOIL AND REST.

Words by G. Clifton Bingham.

Music by ERNEST BEHREND.

Toil, in sweet gardens fair
Far from the city's glare;
Toil, where life's thronging tide
Flows deep and wide;
Toil, where on harvest fields
Grain to the sickle yields;
Toil on, O world oppressed—
Night bringeth rest!

Wear thy yoke, endure thy lot,
Bear thy burden and do thy best;
None are by One on high forgot,
Cometh for all at nightfall, rest!

Toil on, O weary heart,
Play thine appointed part,
Fight the fight, don thy mask,
Fulfill thy task!

Till upon our fading sight,
Falls Heaven's Eternal night;
Then shall thy labour, blest,
Win thee thy rest!

Wear thy yoke, endure thy lot, &c.

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May 29, 1886.

INDIAN COLONIAL EXHIBITION SOUTH AUSTRALIA



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT, ON FRIDAY, MAY 21.

Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

Her Majesty, having evinced the deep interest she feels in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London by graciously opening this comprehensive and brilliant Imperial museum on the Fourth of May, and by paying two private visits to it since, we cannot do better than commence a series of *Illustrated London News* Supplements illustrating the principal features of the Exhibition with an account of the Queen's inspection of the Colonial courts on Friday, the 21st inst.

The Queen, who left Windsor Castle at an early hour, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Southampton, General Gardiner, and General Sir Henry Ponsonby, was received at the entrance to the Indian Museum by the Prince of Wales, as executive president of the Royal Commission, and by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, the zealous secretary and indefatigable administrator of the Exhibition. The Duchess of Albany also joined the Royal party here.

Bright and glowing as the sunny atmosphere of the West Indies is the cheerful eastern annexe, wherein are grouped artistically the products of our West Indian possessions from Jamaica to St. Kitts, and at the entrance to which Lieutenant Norris had the honour to be presented to her Majesty, that gallant officer being in charge of the band of the 1st West Indian Regiment, which played the National Anthem. Her Majesty and the Royal party were received by the Executive Commissioner, Mr. A. J. Alderley, who may well feel proud of the radiant and attractive show made by the West Indian Court. His Royal Highness, beaming with characteristic good-humour, acted skilfully as guide, and conducted her Majesty and the Princesses, via British Guiana, to Hong-Kong, and thence to the Straits Settlements. Entering the spacious Canadian Court at the eastern end, where stands the magnificent trophy of fruits and agriculture admired by all beholders, the Queen was received by Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, and joined by the Marquis of Lorne. A short cut was thence taken to Australasia. Mr. Garrick had the privilege to bid her Majesty welcome to Queensland, memorable for its minerals, gold trophy, and scenic group of natural history. In the adjoining West Australian section, the Queen was received by Mr. Malcolm Fraser and Mr. Thomson, than whom no one could well expatiate more learnedly on the towering Karri-trees, which grow to the height of 200 ft. and 400 ft., and which are vividly delineated on canvas at one end of the court. The astute Commissioner of New South Wales, Sir Alexander Stuart, naturally mentioned to her Majesty the fine photograph of the gallant Volunteers who sailed from that colony to take part in the Sonakim Expedition of last spring, and who can have no more ardent admirers than the Queen. Victoria, notable for its large gilt archway representing the amount of gold raised in the colony up to the end of 1885 (£216,000,000), was next visited.

A little fresh air and change of climate being then presumably desired by the Royal party, her Majesty temporarily left the Antipodes for Old London. In this picturesque image of an ancient City street, Mr. Winter directed that "Auld Lang Syne" should be played on the melodious carillon as the Queen passed through, the quaintly-attired shop-girls and apprentices lining the way. Her Majesty then renewed her acquaintance with the Indian artisans at work in the courtyard of the Indian Palace, within the superb stone gateway presented to the nation by the Maharajah Scindia, and conversed with one or two of the natives, Dr. Tyler acting as interpreter. The musical carillon again struck up as the Queen recrossed Old London on her way back to Victoria, and to Fiji, represented by a collection of drawings, native arms, and the products of the islands. In the remarkably interesting and instructive South Australian Court (illustrated in our present Supplement), her Majesty was received by Sir Arthur Blyth and by Sir Samuel Davenport, whose unceasing efforts in the fitting up and decoration of this section, especially in the provision of the capitally arranged group of natives on the banks of the Murray River, we must allude to further on. Returning to Canada by a signally short route (i.e., one of the South Australian portals), the Queen admired the Hubbard trophy of "big" game, and bought a few furs. In New Zealand's gaily coloured Court, Sir Francis Dillon Bell did the honours. New Zealand was naturally taken on the way from Canada to the African Court, where her Majesty brought her visit to an interesting close by inspecting the Cape Diamond Washing and Cutting Machinery with the attendant Kafirs—fine stalwart men. In the Cape section the Queen was received by Sir Charles Mills; in Natal, by Sir William Charles Sargeant; and in the West African Court by Sir James Marshall. Her Majesty, whose visit lasted an hour and a half, viewed the exhibits from a Bath-chair during the concluding part of the inspection. The following had the honour of being presented to the Queen by the Prince of Wales:—Mr. Edward Owen, Captain Loftus, Mr. Oainett, and Mr. Marmette.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT.

The gift of native fruit her Majesty graciously accepted from the Commissioners of this admirably-arranged court on the Twenty-first of May (comprising three fine pears, weighing, on an average, 2½ lb. each) happily typified the natural richness of South Australian soil, so materially increased by the indomitable energy and unceasing enterprise of South Australian colonists. A past-master in the art of disposing colonial exhibits to the best advantage, Sir Samuel Davenport, who is deservedly regarded as one of South Australia's most honoured magnates, has prepared for us a model court, with the aid of his able and obliging young coadjutor, Mr. H. J. Scott.

The visitor will do well, where it is possible, to place himself under the guidance of an experienced cicerone. A competent guide would, no doubt, at the outset, call attention to the

handsome rustic arch which forms a suitable entrance to the South Australian Court, and pause to indicate the emblematical garland of vines; to note the boldly inscribed names of Palmerston and Adelaide, as being those of the respective capitals on the north and south coasts; and to expatiate on the cluster of native arms and ferns and grass-trees, with the inevitable kangaroo and emu, favourite symbols with Australian artists, some of whose pictures adorn the walls. Almost on the threshold of this epitome of a fair land, surely flowing with milk and honey, is one reminded of John McDouall Stuart's intrepid march, in 1863, across the heart of the Australian continent to the northern shores washed by the Indian Ocean. The three cases of native wood which catch the eye immediately on entering contain not only a valuable array of rocks and fossils from the southern part of the province, but also specimens of cores from the well-borings, which, penetrating to a depth of 1000 ft. or 1400 ft., find an abundant supply of water in parts of South Australia known as the desert before the crowning exploring achievement of the heroic Stuart. Calculated to make the mouth water are the exquisitely-made models of South Australian fruit, all originally introduced from England or the Continent, save the loquat, an indigenous and appetising kind of apricot. Talk of the "land of the purple vine!" Why, there is a single representative bunch of native grapes here weighing 16½ lb. In point of fact, the climate is so temperate and the soil so rich that the growth of all fruits imported is immensely improved. Mark next the lovely yellow, blue, puce, crimson, green, and brown tints of the woollen mats dyed in Adelaide; and the wonderfully large and healthy cocoons, which ought to create a demand for Australian silk. The eyes of a Morley or Copestake should glisten, too, at sight of the beautifully soft wool from the Angora goat. Silversmiths' work, which Elkington might be proud of, will be found in the alluring case of Mr. Brunkhorst, of Adelaide. The mineralogy of South Australia is represented on the opposite side by cases of native copper, malachite, silver and tin ores, iron ores and iron worked, and by a notable Gothic arch of copper, sixteen tons in weight, and value £1460. This remarkable trophy forms a side entrance to the Canadian court. Mineralogists will dwell with not less interest on the adjacent exhibits of alluvial gold, gold in quartz, real gold nuggets from the Ellinor reef in the north, nuggets from the Echunga gold-fields not far from Adelaide, and specimens of auriferous quartz from all parts. Near the valuable timber trophy, there is a case which should gladden the hearts of the ladies or fill them with envy. South Australian furs and feathers make an excellent show here. When one has done admiring the fine soft muff made from the coat of that curious little amphibious animal, the platypus, there is the opossum rug to tempt one, and covetousness may well be increased at sight of the kangaroo sofa mat, the wallaby wrap, the dingo foot-warmer, white kangaroo muff, spotted native cat wrap, swan, pelican, and penguin muffs, to say nothing of the splendid pelican rug and the grebe and emu muffs. As, according to good authority, in South Australia, "a man selects his saddle as he chooses a sweetheart or wife," saddlery shines conspicuously in the case of the Adelaide firm, which believes "there is nothing like leather." Passing the attractive silversmith's show of the well-known Adelaide jeweller J. M. Wendt, we come to a case of enormous eggs and fine feathers of the ostrich (which bird was imported ten years ago from the Cape into Australia), also a collection of emu eggs, and a heap of green tinted, pearly shell necklaces. A variety of quaintly-turned pipes of native woods will engross the attention of smokers. Close by is the lifelike bust of the famous explorer John Sturt, discoverer of the Murray River, placed there by Sir Samuel Davenport, as a memorial of his old friend and beloved comrade.

The realistic scene on the bank of the Murray River has been admired by the Queen and by every visitor to the South Australian court. This is a bit of work that all concerned may well take pride in. It reflects credit alike on the original designer, on the painter of the bright "back-cloth" vividly delineating the Murray flowing past verdant hills, and on the skilled taxidermist, Mr. Edward Gerrard. Inside a primitive native hut, fashioned of branches and twigs, and forming a leafy bower, squats a black woman, while an aboriginal outside seeks to obtain a flame by friction to light a fire, and another black paddles his own canoe, rudely made out of bark. There are wombats and emus in the background, and a family of kangaroos, filled with affright for a very good reason. An eagle has just snatched up a kangaroo kid, and is bearing off his prey to a nest of eager eaglets. A similarly hungry pelican is triumphantly sailing off with some small fish as prize for his little ones. Opossums play up a gum-tree. Parrakeets and other birds display their bright plumage. The whole scene, in fine, is instinct with life. Hard by, to the right, is another picturesque "bit," representing with equal power the seaside natural history, presumably, of Kangaroo Island.

Descending the steps by the plashing waterfall (like Mr. Augustus Harris, Sir Samuel Davenport believes in *mise-en-scène* and goes in for real water), we are brought to a stop by a real log hut, framed by trunks and branches, and roofed with the bark of trees. It was in rough-and-ready huts like this the early settlers, the colonists of fifty years ago and less, lived and worked, pioneering the way for the thousands of Englishmen who have helped them to raise flourishing cities and townships where the aboriginal once held undisputed sway. As is known to many of our readers, the "black and white" pictures and Coloured Supplements of the *Illustrated London News* often garnished the snug interiors of these log-huts, and served to remind those roughing it in the bush of the old folks at home, to whom this invaluable Exhibition should be a liberal education as to the extent and wealth of our Colonies and Dependencies.

The real torpedo exhibited in the lower part of the South Australian court speaks volumes as to the quick patriotism of our Colonies. It is a sample of these destructive weapons of war very promptly made by Messieurs A. Simpson and Son, the eminent ironworkers of Adelaide, during the recent Anglo-

Russian misunderstanding, and placed by them in all the harbours of Australia in less time by far than it would have taken to import torpedoes from England. Whilst duly admiring this instance of Imperial loyalty and public spirit, travellers will not omit to cast an appreciative glance at the exceedingly serviceable waggone exhibited by Messrs. F. Barlow and Sons, forming as it does either an open carriage or a vehicle hermetically sealed. Of similar strength and durability, evidently, are the buggy and buck-board buggy made by Clarke Brothers, South Australia, where land is not only fruitful and cheap but also most easily saleable and simply registered, shines in agricultural implements. To comprehend the full value of the "stripper"—i.e., complete reaping-machine—and of the "stump-jumping" plough to colonial farmers, the reader should peruse the useful and interesting "Handbook of South Australia," to be obtained at Sir Samuel Davenport's modest offices in the court.

The fruitfulness of South Australia may be imagined from one passage in this historic handbook:—"Highercombe," the estate of the Hon. R. D. Ross, Speaker, is noted not only for its vineyard, but for its extensive orchard, which contains many thousands of apple and pear trees of the best-known varieties, also cherries, plums, damsons, apricots, nectarines, peaches, quinces, almonds, berries, blackberries, mulberries, medlars, currants (red, black, and white), figs, gooseberries, thousands of Spanish chestnuts, walnuts, hazels, filberts, Barcelona and cob nuts, stone pines, raspberries, acres of strawberries, oranges, lemons, citrons, shaddockes, cumquats, olives, Zante currants, sultana and other table grapes, guavas, loquats, persimmons, and other fruits, in a wealth and profusion to be found in no other single orchard in Australia." With this luscious sentence fresh in the memory, one can hardly help thinking that Alexander Murray and Sons' well-stocked case of preserved fruits and jams of all kinds should materially assist the sale here of this Australian table luxury. Nor, cherishing the recollection of this self-same orchard, is one surprised at the lifesize photographs of the various South Australian fruits, exhibited in the stand lit by an electric star at night. Apropos, it may be mentioned, however, that the Adelaide Parliament, in order to promote the cultivation of honey as a new industry, has set aside an island for the Ligurian black bees, which yield delicious honey, the bees gathering their sweets from the fragrant leaves of the eucalyptus.

Famous for its big sheep-farms, South Australia properly exhibits some noble specimens of stud merino rams (noticeably one which cost MM. Sanders, James, and Co., of Canowie, 200 guineas); likewise grand exhibits of fleeces from the most celebrated flock-masters of the colony, including a bale of superb wool from three-year-old ewes reared from Nalpa and Highland Valley ewes by Messieurs E. C. and J. L. Stirling, at whose stations 9760 sheep were shorn last season. No expense is spared by these enthusiastic colonists, or by those famous breeders, Mr. John Murray, the Hon. A. B. Murray, the Hon. G. C. Hawker, M.P., Mr. J. H. Angus, and the proprietors of the Canowie station, in keeping up the character of their flocks. So high does enterprise run, indeed, in South Australia, that the champion ram at the last Melbourne Agricultural Show was bought by Mr. Angus for £1150.

The health-giving wines of South Australia will assuredly be brought more into vogue by the Exhibition. A noteworthy Wine Trophy comprises many of the favourite vintages, from the Château Beaumont sparkling champagne to the merry Tintara. It is claimed for the wines of South Australia that they "have a great range and character, from the light Riesling and Shiraz, resembling the wines of the north of France and Germany, to the full-bodied and heavy ports and sherries of Spain and Portugal." The aggregate annual vintage may be set down at 600,000 gallons, a quantity which is yearly increasing. The late Mr. John Reynell had the honour of being the pioneer wine-grower in the south of Adelaide. The photographic views of existing vineyards will convey a good idea of the fruitfulness of South Australian vines.

The "Camels are coming," and no mistake, in South Australia. Hence the inclusion of one or two stuffed specimens. Camels, first imported into the colony from India by Sir Thomas Elder in 1866, were indispensable in opening up the interior of Australia, where "they have been known to travel twenty-five miles per day for nine successive days, under a tropical sun, and heavily laden, without a drink of water, and no other food than the scanty bushes." Mr. H. J. Scott is one of the principal consignees of Indian camels.

The remarkable growth of the city of Adelaide, as stated in the preliminary ramble through the Exhibition outlined in our Number for May the Eighth, is clearly demonstrated by the two large canvas paintings on one of the walls of the principal entrance hall. It would be impossible to overpraise the skill, the industry, and the enterprise of the citizens of Adelaide, as exemplified in the South Australian Court. Adelaide manufacturers run us a close race. The exhibits referred to amply prove this. And there are many others that cannot be individually lauded, for sheer lack of space. While working with the energy which Englishmen display all the world over, Adelaide men do not neglect recreation. On the East Park lands is a race-course, comprising 120 acres, and boasting two handsome grand stands, with the customary lawns and inclosures. At the North Park lands is a cricketing oval, a reserve of twelve acres, fringed with ornamental forest trees, and furnished with a commodious pavilion. Adelaide, in a word, is one of the finest and most salubrious cities in the Empire. The examples of its skill and productiveness and native energy on view at South Kensington cannot fail to draw to South Australia hosts of fresh emigrants, who, if well qualified for colonial life, will indubitably improve their positions in this "Greater Britain" of the South.

It would be wrong to close a rapid review of this popular section of the Exhibition without expressing our indebtedness to Sir Samuel Davenport and Mr. H. J. Scott, who have been both before and since the opening most courteous in furnishing all the information needed.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Australia, the largest island on the globe, measuring 2500 miles from west to east and 2000 from north to south, has within a hundred years past become the habitation of a British people now exceeding in number, if we include the adjacent island of Tasmania, two and three quarters of a million. The Australian continent is at present divided into five provinces—namely, New South Wales, which has one million inhabitants; Victoria, with another million; South Australia, with 320,000; Queensland, with 310,000; and West Australia, with 32,000; while Tasmania has 115,705. Its colonisation began in 1788 with a penal convict settlement established at Sydney, the eastern coast having been discovered by Captain Cook in 1770. Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania, was occupied in 1825, likewise as a penal settlement. The free colonists of New South Wales explored the inland regions, to the south and west, for pasture suitable to the growth of merino wool. In 1834, Port Phillip, in which lies the present great city of Melbourne, was visited by the first settlers, but the Province of Victoria was not officially constituted till 1850. That Province ought properly to be called South Australia, being situated in more southerly latitudes than the Colony which bears this name.

It was in 1829 that one of the explorers, Captain Sturt, travelled along the Murrumbidgee to the Murray river, and down the latter to Lake Alexandrina, near its outlet on the southern coast. Westward of this point, the seashores are those of St. Vincent Gulf, Spencer Gulf, and the Great Australian Bight, now forming the "South Australia" coast of the Southern Ocean. In 1834 a Company was formed in England to colonise this part of Australia on the system of Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield. The experiment of 1829 in West Australia, the "Swan River Settlement," conducted by Captain (Sir James) Stirling, had not been economically successful; vast tracts of land had been granted to persons who were unable to bring sufficient capital and labourers for their cultivation. Mr. Wakefield's plan was to sell the lands at a fixed price, and apply the funds so raised to the importation of labourers, and to the construction of roads, bridges, and works of public convenience. The Company was incorporated by Act of Parliament; Commissioners were appointed, and in 1833 the colony of South Australia was founded on the shore of St. Vincent Gulf. Its capital city was named after Queen Adelaide.

The Governors have been Captain Hindmarsh, R.N.; Captain Gawler, Captain (Sir George) Grey, Colonel Robe, Sir Henry Young, Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, Sir Dominic Daly, Sir James Fergusson, Sir Antony Musgrave, Sir William Cairns, Sir William Jervois, and Sir W. F. Cleaver Robinson, the present Governor. South Australia, like New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, enjoys a Parliamentary Government, with a House of Assembly, which is here elected by manhood suffrage; a Legislative Council, the members of which sit for nine years, one third retiring every three years, and are chosen by electors of a higher class; and a Ministry responsible to Parliament. The present Ministers are—Chief Secretary, the Hon. J. C. Bray; Treasurer, the Hon. S. Newland; Attorney-General, the Hon. J. W. Downer; Crown Lands and Immigration, the Hon. J. H. Howe; Public Works, the Hon. J. Brodie Spence; Education, Sir J. A. Cockburn; Postmaster-General, the Hon. O. Todd; Chief Justice, the Hon. S. J. Way. The Agent-General in London is Sir Arthur Blyth, who last week, assisted by Sir S. Davenport, had the honour of showing the Queen the South Australian Court at the Exhibition.

The physical features of a new country, however, the statistics of its improvement in cultivation, and its economical, commercial, and social prospects, are more interesting than its official and political arrangements. It has been remarked that "South Australia" is a misnomer; this Province is really Central Australia; for it has stretched its dominion northward quite across the middle of the "Island-Continent," annexing "the Northern Territory" and the shore of the Indian Ocean, within twelve degrees of the equator. Extending thus 1850 miles from north to south, with an extreme breadth of 650 miles, it is fifteen times as large as England and Wales, having an area of 903,690 square miles. But a great proportion of the interior region is hopelessly sterile, though patches of good pastoral land are to be found; while the southern part contains much fertile soil, where a careful agriculture produces the finest wheat grown in the world; and the extreme north, watered by several large rivers, is well adapted by soil and climate to the cultivation of tropical produce. This province is endowed also with mineral riches; it has not much gold, but copper, iron, and lead, which are profitably worked. The Kapunda, Burra Burra, Wallaroo, and Moonta mines have proved extremely rich. The climate of the southern districts is similar to that of Spain and other countries of the South of Europe; the vine, the olive, and many fruits requiring much sunshine, flourish exceedingly well. Merino sheep find here a congenial abode, and the South Australian breed of horses is highly esteemed. Camels were imported by Sir Thomas Elder, from India, in 1866, and have proved very useful in the hot and dry region, where they are much employed by the Government in surveying journeys, telegraph construction, police and other services. About fifteen hundred of these animals are maintained for such purposes in South Australia.

No colony has shown greater public spirit, or is more indebted to the liberality and the enterprise of individual citizens. Its northern territory was fairly won by the bold exploring journey of Mr. John McDonall Stuart, in 1863, and by the construction of the Overland Telegraph, in 1872, a line from Port Darwin to Adelaide, by which all the Australian colonies, and New Zealand, were soon enabled to be put into direct communication with England. Port Darwin is on the coast of the Indian Ocean, opposite to the Dutch Malay archipelago, where a submarine cable was laid from Java. The peninsula of Arnhem Land, west of the Gulf of Carpentaria, was visited by the Dutch navigators of the seventeenth century; but the Portuguese had been aware, a hundred years before, of the existence of the great southern land now called Australia, which the Dutchmen called New Holland. It was reserved for Englishmen to make their way to its eastern and southern shores, and to plant the only European colonies that have been formed in that part of the world. They will probably be combined, at no distant period, in a great Australian Confederation, resembling that of Canada; and no cause for jealousy is afforded by describing the advantages of any one Province. Indeed, we may consider their diversity of gifts and natural opportunities as of good promise for their future Federal Union.

The city of Adelaide, on the small river Torrens, eight miles from the sea, is one of the most agreeable towns in the southern hemisphere. It is near the beautiful scenery of the Mount Lofty hills. Its population, including suburbs, is 110,000; the streets are well planned and wide, the houses well built, the drainage, water supply, gas supply, markets, Botanic Gardens, and public buildings equal to those of any English provincial town of that size; the institutions—to which Sir Thomas Elder, Sir William Hughes, and other citizens have contributed munificently—the University, the Museum, Art Gallery, and Public Library, the hospitals,

churches, schools, and theatres, are worthy of a capital city. Other important towns are Glenelg and Port Adelaide, on the shore of St. Vincent's Gulf; Wallaroo and Port Augusta, on Spencer Gulf; Gawler, Kapunda, and several more in the interior, connected by railways, of which South Australia has a thousand miles working a profitable traffic. Social life and manners are said to be rather rather more sedate than at Melbourne or Sydney, in the absence of stimulating influences which may there have arisen from gold-field speculation, and from the rapid influx of strangers in money-making pursuits. The Germans are a valuable portion of the South Australian community, and have assisted to develop the agricultural resources of the country. Nearly two-thirds of the existing population were born in Australia. The aboriginal race numbers little over six thousand.

The pastoral wealth of South Australia, in 1884, amounted to six and a half millions of sheep, producing wool that year valued at £2,618,626; 339,726 horned cattle, and 164,000 horses, with pigs, goats, and poultry. There were fifty-three and a half million acres of land under cultivation, and the production of wheat that year was 14,621,755 bushels; the harvest of last year was bad. South Australia exports wheat to the other colonies, and its finest wheat bears the best price in the London market. The export of minerals is not so great as it was, but amounted in the same year to nearly £500,000; this colony produced also 473,535 gallons of wine, the quality of which may be tested by diners and luncheoners at the Exhibition. The total value of exports in 1884 was £6,623,704. The imports were £5,749,333, of which £2,983,296 belonged to the trade from Great Britain. As there is no strong manufacturing interest in South Australia, the tariff is not, like that of Victoria, devised on protectionist principles. The Government revenue, from Customs, State railways, lands, rents, stamps, and licenses, amounted in 1884 to about £2,000,000. The public debt in this and the other Australian provinces, has been contracted almost entirely by expenditure for constructing railways, roads, and other useful public works. Happy countries, that never had any wars; and may they never have to pay for any! But South Australia is still happier in having always had wise and just land laws. We believe there is no country on earth better governed, more fairly and honestly, or with a more efficient local administration. Religion is cherished and supported, without any Established Church, by the voluntary efforts of different communions—Episcopalian, Methodist, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Independent, Baptist, and other sects, living in great apparent harmony; the Bishopric has an endowment from Lady Burdett-Coutts. There is an excellent system of State-aided secular education, with compulsory attendance at school, also many private and endowed schools of a higher class. Colonial patriotism maintains a small but efficient Volunteer force, coast batteries, and an ironclad for harbour defence. There will be gallant Colonial youths always ready, upon occasion, to offer their personal services, as they have done, in the British wars in South Africa or the Sudan. But we must not expect that the Australians and New Zealanders, under an "Imperial Federation," will tax themselves, as we in England are taxed, for permanent contributions to British military establishments, and British foreign policy. None of the Queen's subjects are more loyal; but they will live their own life, and leave an unnumbered commonwealth to their Australian children.

A more detailed description of this Colony will be found in the new "Handbook to South Australia," compiled by Mr. John Fairfax Conigrave, of Adelaide, and sold at the Colonial Exhibition; it is a well-arranged book, adorned with nearly forty good engravings. The handsome volume entitled "Her Majesty's Colonies," edited by Mr. A. J. Trendell, and published by the Commissioners of the Colonial Exhibition, as well as the "Official Catalogue," supplies much recent and accurate information.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

On Monday the anniversary meeting of this society was held in the hall of the University of London; the Marquis of Lorne, the retiring president, occupying the chair. He presented to the American Minister the Founder's Medal, awarded to Major A. W. Greely, commander of the United States Arctic Expedition of 1881-4.

The American Minister, in acknowledging the medal on Major Greely's behalf, regretted the absence of his distinguished countryman. The honour achieved by him was reflected upon America. He believed that the story of the heroic effort by which he had won his fame would not pass away like a tale that is told, and would not perish with the memory of living witnesses, but would remain on the page of history.

The Patron's Medal was presented to Signor Guido Cora personally, and the Murchison Grant was awarded to the brothers F. and A. Jardine. To Sergeant David L. Brainard was awarded the Back Grant.

In his annual address on the progress of geography, the president referred to the late exhibition of appliances in use in geographical education, collected by Mr. Keltie during his tour of inspection. This exhibition was visited by about 4000 people, and had had beneficial results. The educational committee of the society had made certain suggestions to the council, which would probably be adopted. The principal of these related to the appointment of a lecturer in geography to deliver courses where the council might direct.

At the conclusion of the President's address, the following, amongst other changes, were unanimously approved: Lord Aberdare was elected president, in room of the Marquis of Lorne, who becomes a vice-president, taking the place of General Sir J. H. Lefroy. Sir Joseph Hooker, a former councillor, was also elected a vice-president. Sir Barrow H. Ellis was chosen co-trustee with Sir John Lubbock, M.P., filling the vacancy caused by the death of Lord Houghton.

In the evening the anniversary dinner took place, at Willis's Rooms, the Marquis of Lorne presiding. Those present included the Maharajah of Johore, Abdul Rahman, Signor Guido Cora, the American Minister, Sir Thomas Wade, Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen, Sir J. Hooker, Sir H. Parkly, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Sir C. Mills, Sir P. Lumsden, and Sir A. Blyth. The loyal toasts having been heartily honoured, the chairman, proposing the toast of "The Medallists," said, in drinking the health of Major Greely they were not going through an empty form, but were expressing wishes for the restoration to health of one who had suffered considerably from the privation and suffering he had recently undergone.

The American Minister, in reply, hoped that year by year in all the enterprises of learning, knowledge, science, charity, and humanity, England and America, whose peoples were the children of a common ancestor and had a common language and a common interest in the great principles of civilisation, would be associated, and that all such enterprises would be international in their character.

In proposing the concluding toast, that of "The Visitors," Sir H. Barkly remarked on the fact that many of the Agents-General of the Colonies were present. Sir A. Stuart (New South Wales) and the Hon. A. Fryer (Canada) replied.

THE CHURCH.

The new church of All Saints, Forest Gate, the third of the seven churches projected in 1883 by the council of the Bishop of St. Albans Fund, was on the 20th inst. consecrated by the Bishop of St. Albans. The church is in the early English style, and will accommodate 1000.

At a numerously-attended gathering at the Hampstead Vestry Hall, Haverstock-hill, on Thursday week, the Marchioness of Salisbury opened a three-days' bazaar and a garden fête, which were held at the Vestry Hall and in the adjoining grounds of The Woodlands, on behalf of the new church of the Good Shepherd, Mansfield-road, Gospel Oak.

The Duke of Westminster presided last Saturday at the annual meeting of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, at which a resolution was passed calling upon the rich to set an example of simplicity and economy in all the details of funerals and mourning ceremonial.

Mrs. Charles Turner, of Dingle Head, near Liverpool, widow of a former member for South Lancashire, has just transferred to trustees the sum of £20,000 to establish the Liverpool Incumbents' Pension Fund, the object being to benefit aged or invalid incumbents in this diocese who may have retired.

The Earl of Northbrook laid the foundation-stone of St. Augustine's Church, Grove Park, Kent, last Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering. The site, as well as a donation of £500, was given by Lord Northbrook. The contemplated cost of the entire building is about £8000, but only a portion of the church will be at present erected, to meet existing requirements. The neighbourhood is, however, a rapidly increasing one.

A meeting in aid of the East London Church Fund was held on Monday afternoon in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House: the Bishop of Bedford occupied the chair. The report stated that grants had been made for thirteen missionary clergy, to take charge of mission districts, or to fill the places of incumbents compelled by age or ill-health to be absent from their parishes, or to assist in special work; for twenty-six additional clergy, for seven lay readers, for thirty mission women and parochial nurses, for forty-four ladies, deaconesses, and others working in connection with the Deaconesses' Home. During the year the receipts had seriously diminished, and unless £4000 was raised within the next few months, many grants would have to be withdrawn.

A meeting of the board of management of the Bishop of London's Fund was held at the office 46A, Pall-mall, on the 20th inst., the Bishop in the chair. It appears that the amount of new money received since Jan. 1 has been £5924, which, with the balance from last year, grants cancelled, &c., had placed at the disposal of the committee a sum of £7108 to be divided equally between living agents and material objects. The churches of St. Matthias, Islington; St. Paul's, Finchley; and Emmanuel, Harrow-road, aided by the fund, had been consecrated since Jan. 1. A public meeting in support of the fund was held on Thursday at Willis's Rooms; and Sunday (to-morrow) the sermons for the fund will be preached throughout the diocese.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at a Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy, at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place. From a list of 165 candidates presented by Mr. Paget Bowman, the Registrar, thirty-three clergy widows and twenty-four daughters over forty-five years of age were selected to fill vacancies upon the pension list of the society, caused by death or resignation during the past year, most of the unsuccessful applicants receiving temporary donations of from £5 to £15 each. For the fifth year in succession, the court was unable to award more than £10 to the newly-elected pensioners, instead of the £20 which for many years had been the sum given, in consequence of the serious reduction in the rental from the Corporation estates, a reduction which has been only partially met by the liberal support given to this venerable society in connection with the successful festival held on the 12th inst. in St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Bowman also presented a list of thirty-five petitions for aid towards the education or start in life of clergy children, bringing the total number of petitions dealt with to 200, and the amount distributed in grants and pensions to £1910.

The annual general court of the Church Building Society was held on Friday week at the offices, 2, Dean's-yard, Westminster, the Bishop of St. Albans in the chair. The meeting having been opened with prayer, letters were read from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Ely, St. David's, and Hereford, and Archdeacon Harrison, in which the writers expressed regret at their inability to be present at the annual court. The secretary, the Rev. Milburn Blakiston, then read the report, from which it appears that the progress of the work of the society has gone on steadily; although its annual income during 1885 was less than in the preceding year, the falling off being due in a large degree to the very uncertain item of legacies, only £119 having been received from this source, as against £1244 8s. 1d. in 1884. The receipts for 1885 from all sources amounted to £5382 13s. 3d. In a few days the secretary hopes to receive a cheque for over £4000, as a legacy that had been left to the society. Eloquent testimony was borne by several speakers to the work the society has been quietly doing for many years; and appeals were made for a wide and liberal support from Church people, to enable it to assist still more effectually various works of Church extension.

The Session of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was opened on Thursday week in Edinburgh. Lord Thurlow, her Majesty's Commissioner, held a Levée in Holyrood Palace, which was largely attended; and at its close he was escorted to St. Giles's Church by all the cavalry and infantry in the Edinburgh garrison. The streets, notwithstanding the rain, were lined with spectators, it being a public holiday. After hearing a sermon from the retiring Moderator, Dr. Mitchell, of St. Andrew's, the Commissioner proceeded to the Assembly Hall, where he read the Queen's authority for the opening of the Assembly for ecclesiastical business, and his appointment as her Majesty's representative. Dr. Cunningham, of Grief, was appointed Moderator. Mr. C. J. Pearson, Advocate, was unanimously elected Procurator of the Church, in the room of Mr. Macintosh, who has been appointed Dean of Faculty; and Dr. Story was chosen Principal Clerk, in the room of the late Principal Tulloch.—At Saturday's sitting Professor Mitchell intimated that the late Mrs. Stewart, of St. Fillan's, had left a legacy of about £30,000 to the Church.

The Free Church General Assembly met the same day in the hall on the Mound. After the opening service, the Rev. Dr. Sommerville, Glasgow, was unanimously elected Moderator for the year. He gave an address on "The Evangelisation of the World," in which he dealt with the progress of missionary enterprise of late years. The forty-third annual report on the finances of the Church for the year ending March 31, 1886, showed that the whole sums raised for the various objects of the Church were £594,050, against £626,028 last year.

Both Assemblies continued their meetings daily.

Mr. Hugh Cowie, Q.C., of Brick-court, Temple, Chancellor of Durham, has been appointed Chancellor of the Rochester diocese, in succession to the late Dr. Robertson.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



EXTERIOR OF A PIONEER'S HUT.



INTERIOR OF A PIONEER'S HUT.

The specimens of Australian zoology and natural history, represented both by stuffed skins of animals and by pictures at the Colonial Exhibition, form interesting groups. That great "island-continent" in the Southern Ocean possesses, as is well known, a very peculiar order of mammalia, called the Marsupial, from the female having a pouch or bag in front of her teats, in which her young are carried during lactation. There is the kangaroo, of which there are many different species, varying in size from that of a fallow-deer to that of a rabbit or a rat; the wombat, which is a thick-set, short-legged beast, that burrows in the earth like a badger; the opossum, which climbs trees, but which differs in essential respects from the American opossum; and the flying phalanger, which is furnished with a membrane capable of being stretched between the fore and hind legs, to sustain its long leaps or flights in the air, resembling the so-called wings of a bat. Except the kangaroo, these animals are nocturnal in their habits; the opossum and phalanger eat slugs, caterpillars, and other insects. The dasyure, vulgarly called a wild cat, is nearer akin to the opossum of North and South America; it catches small birds, rats, and mice, as well as any cat, and is fond of sucking eggs. The larger species of dasyure, however, which inhabits Tasmania, has more the shape of a bear, and sometimes commits havoc among lambs and poultry. We in London are tolerably familiar with live kangaroos in the Regent's Park Gardens; but we do not see them leap, as they can, a length of 15 ft. or 18 ft., by the might of their big hind-legs, favoured by the smallness and lightness of the head and fore-part of the body. Many people, however, living in Australian towns have never seen a kangaroo. Few have seen that very rare and curious animal, the duck-billed platypus, or ornithorhynchus, which is a sort of aquatic mole, burrowing in the mud of ponds, and has a mouth and snout resembling the beak of a bird. Fables were formerly told of this queer creature, as that it laid eggs; and some thought it was a fish, some a reptile; but it belongs, with the porcupine ant-eater or echidna, to the "monotrematous" order of mammals. Of marine animals on the coast of Australia, there are seals and their congeners the "sea-lion" and "sea-leopard"; and on the north coast there is the dugong or "sea-cow," whose oil is of high value for medicinal uses. Of fishes, both in the sea along those shores (where sharks are sometimes dangerous) and in the fresh water of the Murray and other rivers, there are many kinds fit for eating abundantly to be caught. The variety of

birds, and the beauty of some, as well as their interesting habits, may here be noticed. On the Murray was found that "rara avis" the black swan, whose supposed non-existence was proverbial among the wits of ancient Rome. The pelican, the crane, the ibis, diverse geese and ducks; the kingfisher, whose cachinnatory note has earned him the name of "laughing

The ordinary colonist, minding his own flocks and herds, may be excused for thinking more of the animals imported and domesticated in Australia. Sheep yielding the finest wool thrive well in the southern part of this province; while the northern territory, with a moist tropical climate, is favourable to horned cattle. Sir Thomas Elder, at his station of



SEALS AND SEA-BIRDS.

jackass"; the piping crow, or magpie, a delightful whistler; the emu, which may pass for an Australian ostrich; the lyre-bird, with its spreading tail; the bower-bird, which constructs long arched galleries of bent twigs, and prettily decorates them with coloured scraps of anything; the various parrot kinds, some in splendid attire of green and crimson, and the numerous cockatoos; the doves and pigeons, the hawks and eagles, delight an observant naturalist, who may equally, if he be so minded, take delight in the lizards and serpents.

Beltana, keeps a breed of camels, which are most serviceable for travelling over the vast waterless plains of the interior. They have been known to go nine days without water, twenty-five miles a day, feeding on the scanty vegetation of the desert. They are sometimes harnessed to draw waggons heavily laden, like a team of horses; or one pack-camel will carry 5 cwt. or even 8 cwt. A man has ridden a camel 200 miles in three days and a half. As the Australian overland railway is not yet constructed, there may be a camel post.



S.T.D.

KANGAROOS.



S.T.D.

WOMBATS.



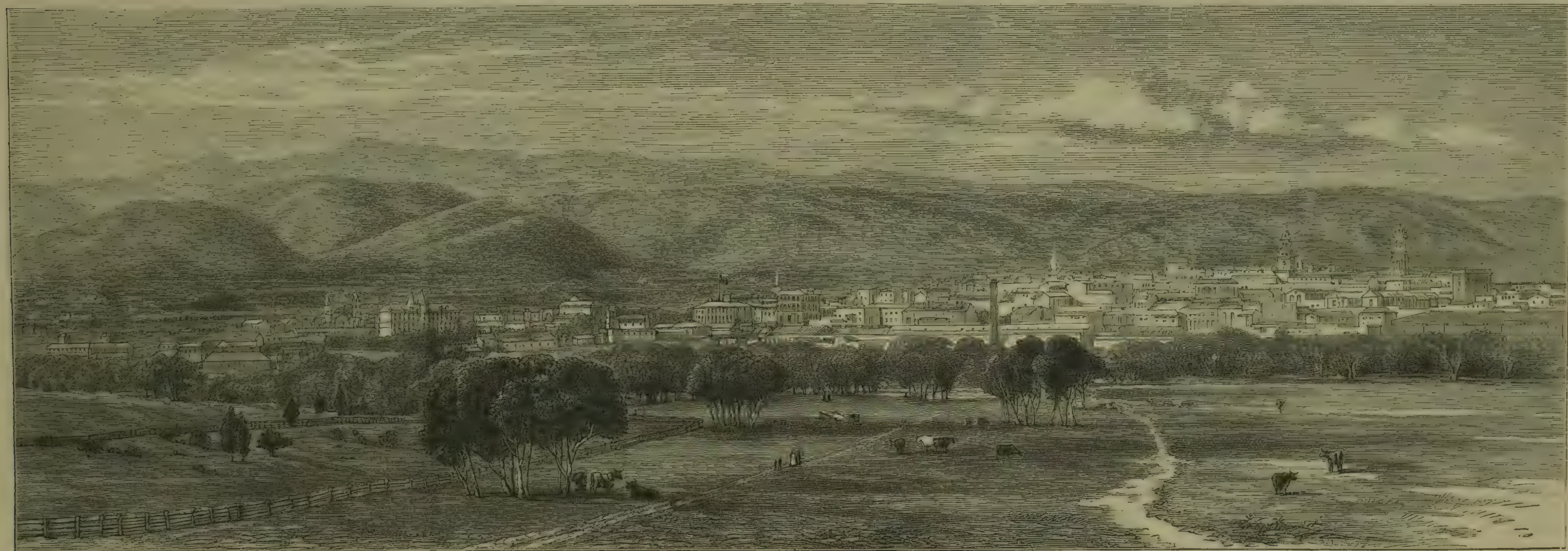
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ADELAIDE, IN 1837.



ADELAIDE IN 1837.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ADELAIDE, IN 1836.



THE CITY OF ADELAIDE, THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

But Mr. Leyden only smiled at her warning whisper; smiled and winked, and tapped his breast pocket.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGER," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SHADOW IN THE SUNSHINE.

That it never rains but it pours, in the sense of sorrows not befalling us singly, is a proverb that few of us poor mortals are found to deny; but there is no similar saw in connection with prosperity. The Greeks of old were absolutely afraid of great good luck—so very rare was it, in their time, that Fortune gave men a lift without a back-hander to follow; and the Scotch have a term for good spirits which itself presages misfortune. Elizabeth Dart was grateful from the bottom of her heart for the good things which had befallen her; but she feared no Nemesis, and had no misgivings. Without for one moment endorsing Roger Leyden's view of desert in the matter, she was too honest to belie her own talents; and, indeed, regarded them almost as judicially as though they belonged to someone else; they had been appreciated by the public far beyond her hopes, and been rewarded materially far beyond her expectations; but, though she had underestimated the value of what she had produced, she had not under-estimated its merit. She was as free from mock modesty on the one hand as she was from vanity on the other. It was impossible for her to shut her eyes to the fact that, considering the scanty nature of her performances, they had already made a great and unusual success; while the manner in which "The Usher" had been received was more encouraging still. Nor did she judge from results alone; she had a sense of proportion rare in her sex, and though what she had effected of course fell far short of what she had proposed to herself—for expression can never convey our ideas with the perfection we desire—her work held its own, and more than its own, by comparison with the best specimens of her contemporaries. She recognised, in fact, if she did not actually acknowledge to herself, the true nature of those aspirations which had always dwelt within her; and that circumstance filled her with the best kind of confidence—the consciousness of power. There are some writers, and very good ones, who are the "Single-speech Hamiltons of literature"; they embody their experience of life in a single book, and then have done with it, from sheer lack of material; they have no deposit in the Bank of Imagination. If they make a second attempt, they overdraw their account. Now, Elizabeth Dart was conscious of possessing resources for much more than one campaign. Exceptional as she was in many ways, she also held peculiar views of life. She desired money only for the happiness which it conferred, though by no means on herself only; indeed, she had discovered early that the greatest happiness is to be found in conferring it; and where most people thought of increase, she thought of enjoyment.

One of the richest men I ever knew—but by no means the worst—came by accident to his death, when he had only made a million or so. The whole energies of his existence had been spent in acquiring wealth, and long after there had been the

least necessity for it, he had worked harder than any clerk who consumes the midnight oil to add the payment of "overtime" to the scanty subsistence he earns for his wife and family. And on his deathbed he repented it "I wish, my dear friends," he murmured, pathetically, "that I had enjoyed myself a little more." It was not, to be sure, a very exalted aspiration at such a moment; but there was a good deal of sense in it. His mistake was a very common one with energetic and assiduous persons. Elizabeth Dart, who was as diligent in her way as this dead Dives had ever been, had not fallen into his error. She had had, as she had told Mr. Leyden, a hard life of it, and seen those she loved enduring still worse things; and, while detesting idleness, she had a passionate yearning for peace and comfort—a wholesome desire for enjoyment, as different from the mere love of pleasure as the parson's whist differs from the gambling at Monaco. Though not so fortunate as the Fool in the Scripture, who had goods laid up for him for many years, she had reason to feel that her future was provided for: a reflection the surpassing comfort of which can be only understood by those who have no such provision.

Never in all her life had she felt so happy; the only drawback to her supreme content, in fact, was the obligation she had enjoined upon herself to keep from her friends the secret of her purchase of Battle Hill until the matter was actually effected. The information that the land had already been offered for a less sum than the lowest she was about to pay had considerably shaken her confidence in Mr. Snugg, and also in her own capabilities for dealing with him; so the rest of the arrangements she intrusted to Roger Leyden, a shrewd man of business enough, when not under the influence of the stars, or riding the hobby-horse of antiquity.

For all her prudent resolves, it is possible that she would not have been able to conceal from the loving eyes of those of the Look-out the unaccustomed exaltation of her spirits, had she not elsewhere found an excuse for them. Quite a large packet of letters had arrived for her from London, all of which contained good and even great news. They had been forwarded to her from the *Millennium* office by Mr. Argand, but accompanied—as she noticed with some chagrin—by no line from himself. She had told him of her intention of coming down to Casterton, and she had thought he might have written to her a few words of congratulation on finding herself in a spot which he knew was so dear to her. She felt that it had now become necessary—since others had discovered it—to confess to him that she was the author of "The Usher," and the avowal was somehow made more difficult to her by his silence. Was it possible that he had found it out for himself, and was displeased, or even hurt, about it?

It struck her, for the first time, that it was possible that a copy of Matthew's poem might have been sent to the *Millennium* office; in which case the dedication of it, had it met Mr. Argand's eye, would certainly have revealed her secret to him. This idea would have troubled her more, but for the contents of her letters, the importance of which for the moment monopolised her thoughts. They were all addressed, of course, to "John Javelin, Esq." Some of them were, as usual, applications for autographs; others, equally as usual, were invitations to "at-Lomes"—and even dinner parties, from unknown "lion hunters," who have never the least scruple about the means they use to ensnare their prey. She had often

received such communications, but never so many at a time. It was clear that her third contribution to the *Millennium*, "Opinion in Stories," had greatly quickened the public curiosity about her. Such things are straws—but straws which show the direction in which the wind is blowing. There were three letters of another sort. No. 1 was from a firm of publishers, offering to purchase "The Usher," when completed, at the same price for which Mr. Rose had agreed with her. "If, unhappily, that novel should have been disposed of, Messrs. Blank and Asterisk would be happy to make arrangements with the author for the copyright of his next story, on still more favourable terms."

This communication was gratifying enough, yet it amazed even more than it pleased her. The rate at which news flies—out of which any profit is to be got—has never yet been calculated by the arithmetician; and it astonished Miss Dart to find that the identity of John Javelin with the author of "The Usher" had already been discovered by an entire stranger. That it was somehow or other owing to the publication of Matthew's poems was certain, since Mr. Rose—who had his own reasons for keeping silence on the subject—had been the only repository of her secret.

No. 2 letter was from the proprietor of a popular magazine, offering a large sum for the serial right of publication of the successor to "The Usher." That there should be a successor it was taken for granted, as a case of "The King is dead. Long live the King!" As the copyright was not required in this instance, the arrangement for the sale of the book could probably be made with No. 1, independently from the proposal from the magazine.

No. 3 was from a newspaper association, to the same effect as No. 2, but promising still more liberal terms. The writer, it said, "as secretary to the syndicate," was also empowered to offer a considerable portion of the purchase-money in advance. In these propositions what would have seemed to her a few weeks ago a fortune, and what was, at all events, a large income, was assured to her for the next twelve months. If she had read her news aloud to her friends at the Look-out, it would have conferred almost as much pleasure upon them as it gave herself. They were not as the stranger "who does but intermeddle with our joy"; the brightness of her prosperity would have gladdened them, and cast no shadow. But she remembered their own poverty, and only spoke of the encouragement she had received in general terms. It is an unusual reticence; for nothing is more common than for the prosperous to boast of their superfluous wealth in the presence of those to whom every shilling, as the phrase goes, is of consequence; though—like Narcissa—they would hardly, perhaps, dilate upon their last banquet to persons in want of a dinner. The heartfelt congratulations of her friends were not less enjoyable to Lizzie because her mind was occupied with thoughts of how her new-found wealth could best be used in serving them. If death could not be averted (and she secretly nourished a hope that somehow it might be so) from that hospitable door, poverty, at least, she resolved, should never set foot in it. If money ever brought a happy day, it was that day. At eve fell its first shadow. On returning to the inn before dinner, she found a letter from Mr. Argand.

"My dear Miss Dart,—Though somewhat late—for the world has known your secret, it appears, for some days—I

hasten to congratulate you most heartily and sincerely upon your well-earned honours. If I do not say 'I am not surprised,' it is not because I entertained the least doubt of your genius, or dreamt of assigning to it any limit; it is only that it seems a little strange that you should have repaid a confidence in others which was denied to myself. You will, perhaps, justly reply that a professional critic should have discovered this mystery for himself; or, that the personal interest, with which I hope you will credit me, should have given me some clue to it. Well, I do not defend myself. I will now take comfort from the reflection that my ignorance enabled me to speak of 'The Usher' to your own ear in such terms of eulogy as, for fear of being suspected of flattery, I could hardly have employed had I known you to be its author. It is something, too, gained on your part, to have acquired a critic's real opinion without those 'buts' and 'ifs' in whose company it always appears when he is on his guard. Before you, my dear Miss Dart, lies the most pleasant literary future that has ever presented itself to one of your sex and age; I shall watch it with the utmost interest from afar. Perhaps, after all, it is the fact that I am about to relinquish my position as an editor—or, I should rather say, the circumstances which have compelled me to accept that course—which has made me blind to your handiwork. When the mind is full of business matters, it loses its delicacy of discernment. There is one thing, of a material kind, that gives me much trouble in connection with your admirable story—it was offered, by the unknown author, to the *Millennium* for a sum out of all proportion, as is now abundantly manifest, to its value. It was, no doubt, your modest judgment of his merits that caused you to put so insignificant a price upon it; but I need hardly say, that had I continued to direct the magazine, this mistake would have been rectified. In view of the great increase of circulation which 'The Usher' has conferred upon it, some new arrangement would, indeed, appear imperative. These matters are now unfortunately out of my hands, and may possibly be without remedy. I remember in one of our early talks together, you spoke (as it seemed to me without reason) of one of the chief drawbacks of your condition in life as being the inability to do good: how much worse, then, you will easily understand, is the position of one who cannot do even simple justice. However, let us have done with vain regrets. One would think this was a letter of condolence, rather than of congratulation. As I have often told you, it is only a matter of 'How Long,' as to when genius such as yours receives its recognition; but the most consoling reflection which I shall carry with me into obscurity is that, while I played my part as a stage manager of literature, I had the great happiness of bringing before the footlights one of its brightest ornaments. My sister unites her most kind regards with mine; and I am always, my dear Miss Dart, your most faithful friend and well-wisher.

"FELIX ARGAND."

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. LEYDEN'S REPRESENTATIVE.

The arrangements at the Falcon were primitive, and it was fortunate for Miss Dart that this letter had been brought to her own room instead of being left, as usual, to await the return of the ladies in the sitting-room; its effect upon her could hardly have been concealed from any spectator, much less from such loving eyes as those of Aunt Jane. The colour, which expectation had evoked in her face as she opened the missive, faded gradually from cheek and lip as she perused it; when she concluded it, it seemed to her that her very heart had stopped beating. To learn that by her reticence she had hurt so kind and dear a friend was distressing enough to her; but, to her mind, it was only too clear that there was something more amiss with Felix Argand than wounded feelings. That some heavy misfortune of a material kind had befallen him, she was convinced; and even behind that must needs lurk something worse to have caused him to give up that beloved offspring of his own creation, the *Millennium*. He had, indeed, on a previous occasion, hinted at the possibility of its passing into other hands; but his words had had no immediate, nor, as it seemed, any very practical significance. They had been uttered like the "If anything happens to me" of the parent still far from old age and in good health, when he speaks of the provision made for his children. "Whoever is editor of the *Millennium*," he had said, "your support, you may be sure, will be always welcome to him." But now, it seemed to her, the ruins of government had been wholly surrendered—nay, snatched—out of his hands.

On most occasions of social catastrophe, the cause of which is unknown, imagination has only too free scope to search for it; the answer to that "What *can* he have done?" may assume any shape, however monstrous. But in this case, of one thing, at least, Elizabeth Dart was certain—that whatever Felix Argand had done, it was nothing to be ashamed of. Her opinion of him was the highest she had ever entertained of any man, and it stood upon a rock. Her feelings towards him had hitherto, indeed, been of the nature of those of a worshipper towards his patron saint; she had regarded him as guide, philosopher, and friend, but less as friend, perhaps, than as in the former characters; she had had an affectionate respect for him that was, even yet, not unmingled with awe. But now that he was in trouble, her sentiments experienced a sudden change. He seemed to be drawn nearer to her, and, without losing his noble attributes, to appear in a more familiar garb. She had never feared him with that fear which casts out love; but her admiration for his character had placed him on a pedestal out of the reach of familiar recognition; now she saw him as he was—very sorrowful, and therefore very human; and she yearned, in vain, to comfort him.

He had, evidently, no expectation of comfort from her. Like some monarch fallen from his high estate, he seemed to wrap his kingly robes about him for the last time, and to take a dignified adieu of those who had stood about his throne. But there was no evidence of emotion: he sought for no sympathy, far less for consolation. He had befriended many like herself, as she knew; perhaps, there were others to whom he had addressed similar words of farewell. She said this to herself, yet found herself unwilling to believe the speaker. Not even Felix Argand could have been so kind to any other as he had been to her. With what judgment had he advised her! with what praise had he encouraged her! with what enthusiasm had he fought her battles! Each act of friendship he had shown recurred to her with marvellous particularity: from the first letter he had written to her, as an unknown correspondent, down to that evening when he had been so indignant against the poor man who had said her essays "were not literature." Though it was now evident that he had thought far more highly of "The Usher" than of her earlier productions—indeed, if it was good at all, it stood on a much higher plane, as being a far more ambitious performance—how courteously he had refrained from hinting at it, lest he should wound her susceptibilities. His behaviour, indeed, at all times had been marked by the tenderest delicacy. Was there not something in this very letter, it suddenly struck her, that seemed to savour of a wish to spare her—something

omitted, rather than hinted, which suggested separation? It was, on the face of it, only a letter of farewell, inasmuch as it announced a dissolution of their literary connection as editor and contributor; but, between the lines, there suddenly seemed to appear a purpose of departure. Why was there not one word said of her return to town, or of any time when they might again meet one another? When once this idea had obtained entrance into her mind it grew, like the enchanted helmet in the Castle of Otranto, till it gradually filled every chamber of it. If she was right in her surmise, if Mr. Argand was really contemplating not only the relinquishment of his review, but his leaving London—or, perhaps, England itself—it was strange, indeed, that his sister, at least, should not have written to her of his intention. But, on the other hand, Miss Argand—though she occasionally rebelled against him—was, on the whole, a loyal subject to her brother; and if he had enjoined silence upon her with respect to any subject, would certainly keep it.

When we are young, balmy sleep is easily wooed, and will endure much before she forsakes us; but Elizabeth Dart scarce closed her eyes that night, so consumed she was with vague alarms; so importuned by the incessant thought, "What is Felix Argand's trouble, and what can I do to help him?"

In the morning, while they were still at breakfast, Roger Leyden was announced.

In any other case Miss Dart, who had a high opinion of his judgment, would have asked his opinion upon the matter that was oppressing her; but she justly considered that Mr. Argand's affairs should not be discussed with one who was a stranger to him.

There was something, too, in the antiquary's manner of self-conscious importance and ill-concealed satisfaction that would of itself have discouraged a confidence that sought for sympathy. He accepted her invitation to partake of their meal, though she knew he had already breakfasted, and was unusually vivacious and talkative. She guessed, as she thought, the reason of the exaltation of his spirits, and but yesterday would have shared them. He was to undertake that little matter of business for her with Mr. Snugg that morning, and was no doubt elated with the prospect. The looks he cast at her and then at the unconscious Mrs. Richter were full of sly significance; once when the widow thanked him for his offer to show her the wonders of the castle, he replied that it was only his "duty to his neighbour."

"We must not be too sure," murmured Miss Dart, gravely.

It was even in her mind to put an end, for the present to the negotiations at which he hinted, altogether; she had now no heart for it; it seemed an ungrateful and ungracious thing to be thinking of her own gratification when misfortune, as she felt certain, was dogging the heels of her good friend in town. But Mr. Leyden only smiled at her warning whisper; smiled and winked, and tapped his breast pocket, which she then noticed for the first time had an unusual protrusion.

"You don't mean to say you have done it?" exclaimed Lizzie, surprised out of herself.

"Indeed, I do; there is nothing wanting to complete the bargain but your signature. I was so frightened at what you said yesterday about the cup and the lip, that I called on Snugg this morning, before office hours, and settled everything. I've got it here," and again he tapped his pocket exultingly.

"What is it Mr. Leyden has got for you, my dear?" inquired Aunt Jane, who was dissecting a shrimp.

The antiquary threw a glance at Lizzie, which seemed to say, "Shall I tell her?" It was a pleasure she had reserved for herself; but somehow the good news had lost its savour. She very willingly left the pleasant task to Mr. Leyden.

"It is Battle Hill," said the antiquary, brimming over with his secret. "I had quite a difficulty in getting it into my pocket; but here it is," and he laid a bulky document upon the table. Mrs. Richter looked at Lizzie with apprehension. Though she liked Roger Leyden very well, she had been from the first a good deal afraid of him; she had heard of his doings with the stars, and his wandering on the Hill; but it now struck her that he was something more than eccentric—stark, staring mad.

"Mr. Leyden only means that I have bought the Hill, Aunt Jane," said Lizzie, reassuringly.

"Bought the Hill? bought the Hill?" murmured the little widow. She looked towards the door this time, for she began to think that her niece had also taken leave of her senses.

"Yes, I have bought it; or as good as bought it. I hope to build a little cottage on it one day, for you and me to live in together."

"It is impossible, Lizzie; it is too good to be true."

"Why should it not be true, Aunt Jane?" answered her niece, caressingly. "You are as good as can be; yet you are not too good to be true. It has been your experience hitherto, I know, that nothing that is pleasant can be meant for you. I hope, please God, that life will henceforth have a brighter side for you."

"A brighter side—to live here in this lovely spot—and with you, Lizzie—it seems like Heaven itself."

"It is also like Heaven, in being some little way off at present," said Lizzie, smiling. "It must be a long time before we begin to build our nest."

"But you have made sure of the tree," said the antiquary, exultingly. "that is the great point; you have only to come across the way and set your hand to this document in the presence of witnesses, and Battle Hill is yours. It must be a great satisfaction to you, my dear Mrs. Richter, to possess a niece who is a landed proprietor."

"She is everything she ought to be, I'm sure," said Aunt Jane, approvingly. "Would you mind, my dear Lizzie, if I left you for a few minutes to have a look at it?"

"A look at what?"

"The Hill; I can see it from my bed-room window, you know."

The amazing news had been rather too much for the little widow, and she yearned for an opportunity of realising it alone. Her intense happiness had communicated itself, in spite of herself, to Lizzie, and, for the moment, she forgot her trouble.

"Did you ever see anyone so delighted as dear Aunt Jane, Mr. Leyden? I wonder if so much pleasure was ever before purchased for £400?"

"To be exact, for £350," observed the antiquary.

"But I had undertaken to pay £400; and?"

"Yes; but that was before you knew the Hill had been offered to Bolt, the grazier, for £350. I represented to Mr. Snugg that the effect of that discovery upon your mind might be very disadvantageous to him as a builder, if matters were not arranged to your satisfaction."

"My dear Mr. Leyden, how can I ever repay you for your great kindness and all the trouble?"

"Hush, hush. If ever there was a case where the phrase 'the trouble is a pleasure' had a literal application, it is this case; but, as a matter of fact, there is a fee attached to my poor services. I have a little memorandum here, that I will read the other document first, to save time at Mr. Snugg's." With that the antiquary began to read the deed in question, not without a certain enjoyment of its quaint and

old-world phraseology, from the comparatively high-and-dry land of "This indenture witnesseth," through the mazes of iteration, "heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, and every of them by these presents and pursuant to and by force and virtue, and in execution of the power or powers, authority or authorities of, &c.," into yellowest fog.

"You understand all this, I hope, my dear Miss Dart?" said Roger Leyden, after an exceptionally severe struggle with half a dozen extinct but jaw-breaking synonyms.

"Not one single word of it," was the candid reply.

"That is a pity, for it has a fine old smack about it, and reminds one of Black Letter."

"It looks like Black Letter, too. Why, in the name of common-sense, can't these things be written so as to be read, and in language that is intelligible?"

"That is a question you must put to the lawyers. Perhaps it would tend to make law cheap; and there is nothing so dear, so the lawyers say, as cheap law. Do you care to hear the rest of it, or shall we take it as read?"

"We will take it as read, by all means."

"Very good. And now there is the memorandum I have jotted down, in which you undertake, as possessor of Battle Hill, to make over to my representatives—that is, anyone I choose to appoint in my place—or to me, one half of such ancient treasure as may be found there, or the value of it. It is merely a matter of form."

"But since it is legible, and can be understood of the people," remarked Miss Dart, pointing to the MS. in question, which her companion kept folded in his hand, "why should I not see it? I have read in books of virtuous and trustful women signing away all their property to designing wretches, without having the least idea that they were doing anything of the kind."

"Well, if you must, you must," said the antiquary, reluctantly.

"But I do not see your name in the document at all, Mr. Leyden?"

"Why, no; I have left a blank to be filled up at the last moment by my representative."

"Heirs and assigns?" suggested Miss Dart, with the proud consciousness of newly-acquired learning.

"Well, Mary is not exactly that, you see."

"Mary! Do you mean Mary Melbourn?"

"Well, of course I do. You don't suppose I wanted all that money for myself" (he always spoke of the treasure as if it were in a bank instead of a hill). "Besides, I may be dead a quarter of a century before you find it; and Matthew will be dead, poor lad, far certain. He will have what little I have to leave him—unless, indeed, I am so unfortunate as to survive him—and will therefore be my heir. That is why I said representative; and I knew you would not be displeased to find it was Mary."

"Of course not, my dear Mr. Leyden," assented Lizzie, tenderly. Though she knew that it mattered absolutely nothing to anyone to whom the visionary property was assigned, she was touched by the antiquary's precision in a matter which to him had all the solidity of fact. Many men have their hobbies, but they ride them for their own ends. To keep a hobby for someone else's advantage is a very rare occurrence indeed. Miss Dart appreciated it accordingly. She said, with her brightest smile, "Let us go across to Mr. Snugg, and make sure of 'our property.'"

(To be continued.)

A YEAR OF LIFE-BOAT WORK.

The sixty-second annual report of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution has been issued. Notwithstanding the unusual absence of continued violent gales, hundreds of valuable lives were rescued by the life-boats, and many a family thereby saved from desolation and ruin. Between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31 thirty new life-boats were sent to the coast, nearly all of which were furnished with transporting carriages. Several old ones were improved, or replaced by partially used boats refitted. During the year new stations were established at the Lizard, Southend, Totland Bay, Montrose, Cloughy Bay, and Peel; and others are in the course of formation. At the close of 1885 the number of life-boats under the management of the committee was 290, through the instrumentality of which 371 lives were saved during the year, besides twenty vessels. Rewards were also granted by the institution for the rescue, by shore-boats, of 184 other persons; making a grand total of 555 lives rescued within the year by means of the society.

Two silver medals, one binocular glass, seven votes of thanks on vellum, and £3644 in cash were awarded by the committee in 1885 for the saving of life. The total expenditure for the year on the life-boat service was £52,649, while the receipts in subscriptions, donations and dividends amounted to £47,035 only.

Throughout the year there was a steady demand for the invaluable aneroïds supplied by the institution, at a very low price, to fishing-vessels and small coasters, showing how much the liberality of the committee in this matter is appreciated by those whom it is intended to benefit. Altogether, 2238 of these instruments have been distributed since 1882.

The valuable help given by the branch committees and their honorary officials, the Press, the Coastguard, and the Customs, is gratefully acknowledged, as are also some liberal contributions to the funds of the institution. In conclusion, the committee make a strong appeal to the British public for pecuniary help, to enable them to carry on their most responsible work, and they ask more particularly for annual subscriptions.

Lord Rothchild has remitted 15 per cent from the past six months' rent of his tenants on the Gurner barony estate.

On Thursday week his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen visited the industrial school at Astane. All the departments of the institution were inspected with great interest. The band of the school played musical selections. In the afternoon the Countess visited Alexandra College, Earlsfort-terrace, and spent a considerable time in inspecting the institution.—The Viceroyal grounds, Dublin Castle, were on Saturday last the scene of a remarkable garden party, given by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, the characteristic feature of which was that all present, nearly 2000 in number, were attired in dress of Irish manufacture.

A Bluebook has been published containing the report for the year 1885 of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. The report, as usual, treats, under eight heads, the following subjects:—Aid given to instruction in science, aid in drawing and fine art as applied to industry, the South Kensington Museum, other museums, the Geological Survey, institutions receiving aid from the State through the department, congresses and exhibitions, and lace-making in Ireland. The expenditure of the department during the year 1885-6 was £390,716, apportioned as follows:—Expenses of administration, £26,982; science, £77,556; art, £86,827; common to both these heads, £52,217; institutions aided by the State, £55,350; South Kensington and Bethnal-green, £91,785.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

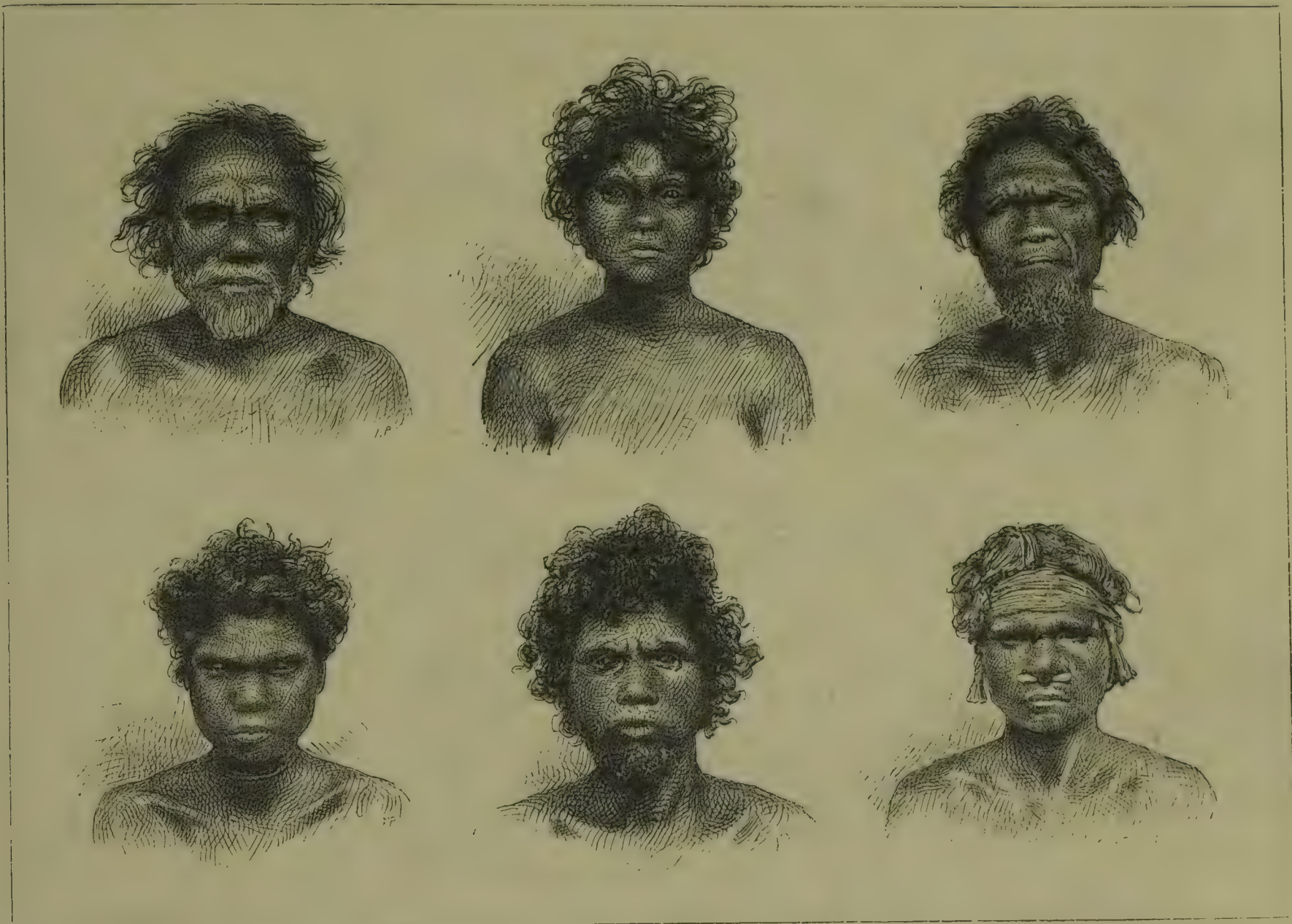


THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT.



NATIVE ENCAMPMENT ON THE RIVER MURRAY.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



NATIVES OF PORT DARWIN. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE EXHIBITION.



NATIVES, ARMED WITH SPEAR AND BOOMERANG.

NEW BOOKS.

The Deputy Master of the Mint reports that £8,999,641 worth of silver has been coined in England since 1873.

AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM.

THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.



A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this Elixir make.
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect Pick-me-up."

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people—unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely—to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark cherries, sweet

champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whiskey largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; therefore no family should be without it.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Legal Rights are protected in every civilised country. Read the following:—"In the Supreme Court of Sydney (N.S.W.) an appeal from a decree of Sir W. Manning perpetually restraining the defendant (Hogg) from selling a fraudulent imitation of Eno's Fruit Salt, and giving heavy damages to the plaintiff, has, after a most exhaustive trial of two days' duration, been unanimously dismissed with costs."—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 26. Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

£10.
In return for a £10 Note,
free and safe by post, one of
BENNETT'S
LADIES' GOLD WATCHES,
perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship. With Keyless Action. Air-
tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.



£15.
In return for Post-Office Order
free and safe by post, one of
BENNETT'S
GENTLEMEN'S
GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES,
perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship. With Keyless Action. Air-
tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

SIR JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES and CLOCKS.

£10 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS. Elegant and accurate.
£15 GENTLEMEN'S STRONG GOLD KEYLESS.
20 GUINEA GOLD HALF-CHRONOMETER, for all climates.
£25 MEDICAL and SCIENTIFIC CENTRE SECONDS.
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.



STREETER and COMPANY have decided
to advance with the present times, and **SELL GEMS,**
either singly or in parcels, at Wholesale Prices.

THUS bringing the buyers of **PRECIOUS**
STONES and GEMS in direct communication with the
importer.

MR. STREETER constantly receives large
importations from the various Gem Mines with which
he is connected; also fine Pearls from his pearl-shelling fleet
in the Southern Seas.

IF preferred, they can be mounted at the
factory, but no lower quality of gold than 18-carat will be
used, that being the standard introduced by Mr. Streeter
nearly a quarter of a century ago, at Conduit-street, whence
he removed to 18, New Bond-street, having purchased that
business from Mr. Harry Emanuel, which was originally
established in the reign of George III.

STREETER and CO. guarantee that all

DIAMONDS shall be white, properly
cut, and

BRILLIANT, and good value for

READY MONEY.

DIAMOND HALF-HOOP RING, 1½ carat. £10 10s.

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DIAMOND LOCKET, 1½ carat, £10 10s.

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DIAMOND BUCKLE, 1½ carat, £10 10s.

DIAMOND STAR HAIR-PIN, 1½ carat. £10 10s.

THE weight of **DIAMONDS** in each
jewel will be 1½ carat or 6 grains, and every stone
guaranteed. The price may occasionally vary, according to
the diamond market, but no notice will be given on the 1st
of each month.

TAMAR
A laxative and refreshing
Fruit Lozenge.
For CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Cerebral Congestion.
Tamar is agreeable to take, and never
produces irritation, nor interferes with
business or pleasure.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
E. GRILLON, 69, Queen-street, Cheapside.

JAMES CHAPMAN & CO.'S SILKS.

"Chapman's Silks are a marvel of cheapness."—Vide the
Price.

GROS GRAIN, in Black only.	
12 yards for 15s. 6d.	12 yards for 27s. 6d.
12 " " 18s. 6d.	12 " " 30s. 6d.
12 " " 21s. 6d.	12 " " 33s. 6d.

OTTOMAN SILKS, in Black only.	
12 yards for 27s. 6d.	12 yards for 33s. 6d.
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GOWN SATINS, in Black only.	
1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 6d. per yard.	
Unsurpassed for value.	

SATIN MERVS.	
First Quality, 1s. 11d.	A marvel of cheapness. Extra Quality, 2s. 6d. and 2s. 11d.

FAILLE FRANCAISE.	
A very rich Silk. 3s. 6d. per yard.	

COCOON SILKS.	
These beautiful Silks are made in different patterns; but in one shade only—i.e., Tussock—exquisitely light, cool, and durable. 21 in. wide, 1s. 6d.	

CHECK WASHING SILKS.	
Note the Price! 7½d. 8d., 10d., and 1s. 6d. per yard.	

PLUSHES. New Spring Shades.	
2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., and 4s. 11d. per yard.	

DUCHESS STRIPED VELVETS.	
Very beautiful in combinations. Suitable for all the new Spring Textures. These Velvets are chiefly used for gowns, under-kits, and trimming purposes. 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 11d. per yard.	
Patterns FREE to any part of the World. (Foreign letters insufficiently prepaid always rejected.)	

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The Delightful Freshness
The Wonderful Value
The Unique Quality
The New Flavour
OF
WILSON'S
AMERICAN
Crystal Wafers.
NOT SWEET
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SWEET
Sold only in 1s. tins, by Grocers, &c. David Challen, Sole Consignee, London, N.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.—NOISES IN THE
EARS.—Rev. E. J. SILVERTON invites sufferers to send
for this work, a book showing the nature of the disease and the
means of cure. Post-free, 6d., with letter of advice. If case be
stated. Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London. Free
consultations daily.

NOTICE.—NEW FRENCH COSTUMES.
MESSRS. JAY have the honour to announce
they have received some of the Newest Costumes
from Paris, and that they are prepared to show these types
of fashionable dress for the present and coming seasons.
JAY'S, REGENT-STREET.

NOTICE.—NEW MANTLES.
MESSRS. JAY have also imported their
new Mantles, and are prepared, with a more than
ordinary assortment in style and variety, for ladies who
are not in Mourning. It may be mentioned that jet and
lace are recognised as the taste of the season, and these
ornamentations may be seen in great variety.
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MOURNING FOR FAMILIES.
MESSRS. JAY'S EXPERIENCED
DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS
travel to any part of the Kingdom, free of expense to
Purchasers.
They take with them Dresses and Millinery, besides Patterns
of Materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards, and
all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if
purchased at the Warehouse in Regent-street.
Reasonable Estimates are also given for Mourning
at a great saving to those of small families.
Furnish at stated charges conducted in London or country.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
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FANCY DRESSES DESCRIBED;
OR,
WHAT TO WEAR AT FANCY BALLS.
By ARDERN HOLT.
THIRD AND ENLARGED EDITION.
With Sixty-four Pen-and-Ink Sketches and Sixteen Full-page
Coloured Illustrations of Favourite Models, and Descriptions
of upwards of 700 Costumes.
PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

"The writer has evidently been present at many of the fancy
balls given of late years."—Morning Post.
"What to wear at a fancy ball is often a question of mo-
mentous interest, and it is an answer in every particular to a
little book called 'Fancy Dresses Described.'"
"The illustrations are extremely pretty and graceful."—
Queen.

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WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES
are superior to all others. Price Medal—London,
1862; Paris, 1867; San Francisco, 1874; Gold from £6 6s.
Perpetual time-keepers. 77, Colindale, and 23, Regent-street.

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SUPPORTING
MODEL FIGURE BELTS.
Post 7/6 Free.

SCIENCE,
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"MADAME LE BEAU'S BELTS give the necessary support where most required: they are elegant in
appearance, light, and constructed on the most scientific principles. I can with confidence recommend them to any
young mother who desires to retain her natural maiden form." Dr. R. C. MORTIMER.

Measurements round Waist, Centre, and Hips only required.

**ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST OF LADIES' SUPPORTING MODEL FIGURE BELTS,
OBSTETRIC BINDERS, AND CHEST EXPANDERS, POST-FREE.**

HERNIA (Rupture).
THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY have now established a new department for the supply of Trusses of every
description. Special Electric Trusses—recognised by the Medical Profession as the most perfect Truss in existence.
Strength and Comfort combine. An experienced Gentleman always in attendance.

An Experienced Person attends daily on Ladies, in the Private Rooms of the

MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited,
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THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



TORPEDO MADE AT ADELAIDE.



EMU EGGS MOUNTED IN SILVER.



Men now grey-headed, some of them prosperous and wealthy citizens of Victoria or South Australia; others, who are residing here, having long ago returned to England and still recollecting their youthful adventures, have lived months and years, an almost solitary life, in the rudest "Pioneer's Hut"; not very far, perhaps, from where the great city of Melbourne has arisen on the banks of the Yarra; or where the tramways now bear cheerful passengers, at all hours of the day, through the

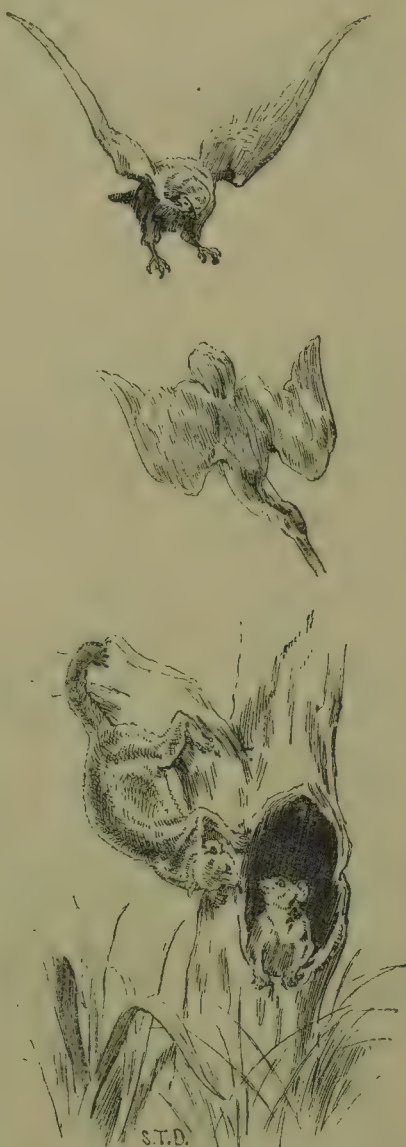
streets of fair Adelaide, on their social errands of business or pleasure. Forty or fifty years have changed indeed the aspect of those localities. We observed, in the *Australasian Sketcher* of July 10, 1875, two contrasted views of Melbourne: one from a sketch by Mr. G. H. Haydon, in 1840; the other, taken at a later date, that showed the quays crowded with steam-ships, the river widened and deepened, and the ground covered with stately and substantial buildings. Our Views of Adelaide in

of a judicious European master, shows intelligence enough to make himself useful in certain occupations, as a herdsman or bullock-driver, and his behaviour is docile and obedient; but education beyond a certain point is found impossible; and as they do nothing to teach or improve each other, the elevation of a whole tribe or family seems hopeless to the most zealous missionary effort. With much physical strength and activity, wonderfully acute senses, and cunning to pick up a bare sub-



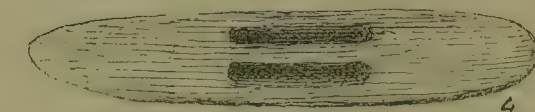
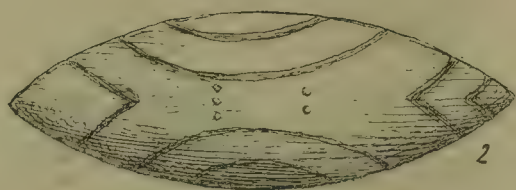
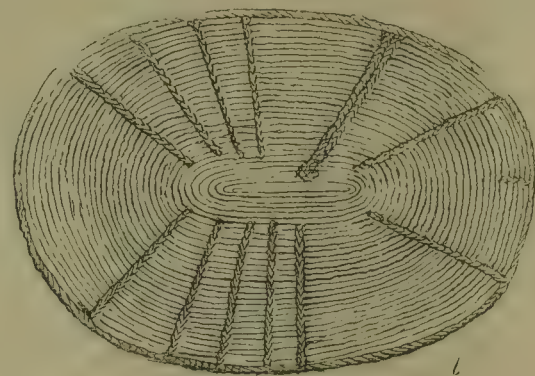
1. Spear, with head of iron or flint; it is thrown, by means of the womera, with such force that, at one hundred yards' distance, it will go quite through a man; and the jagged pieces of sharp stone stuck near the point make a very ugly wound.
2. Spear for catching fish; one of the barbed prongs is placed slightly in advance of the other.
3. Waddy or club.
4. Womera, for throwing spear; the end of the spear is placed against the tooth, and attached by string.
5. Boomerang.
6. Womera used by another tribe.
7. Waddy or club.
8. Old man's staff, painted ornament.
9. Boomerang of large size, 6 ft. 6 in. long.
10. Slippers made of a kind of string, of two colours; the soles are covered with feathers, so that, when on fighting expeditions, the marks left by them in the sand are unrecognisable.

NATIVE WEAPONS.



1837 and Adelaide in 1836 present a similar contrast. But there are ever new settlements, in the remoter districts of a colony; beginning with the rude habitation of the lonely squatter, erected perhaps by his own hands, in some wide tract of natural pasture; or with the log-shanties of a party of miners, or the establishment of an innkeeper or storekeeper, on a road of occasional traffic; but growing to a hamlet, a village, a town, and finally to be linked with the capital by advancing civilisation.

Such progress is in the habits, ideas, and faculties of the English race; but when we turn to look at the encampment of aboriginal natives on the Murray, and examine their figures and costumes, their primitive tools and weapons, and learn, from the reports of those who know them, how narrow is their range of thought, and how little their minds are receptive of higher conceptions, it is evident that no progress could have been made in a thousand years, without the advent of the colonist, by that unfortunate portion of mankind. Individually, the "black fellow" of Australia, when taken into the service

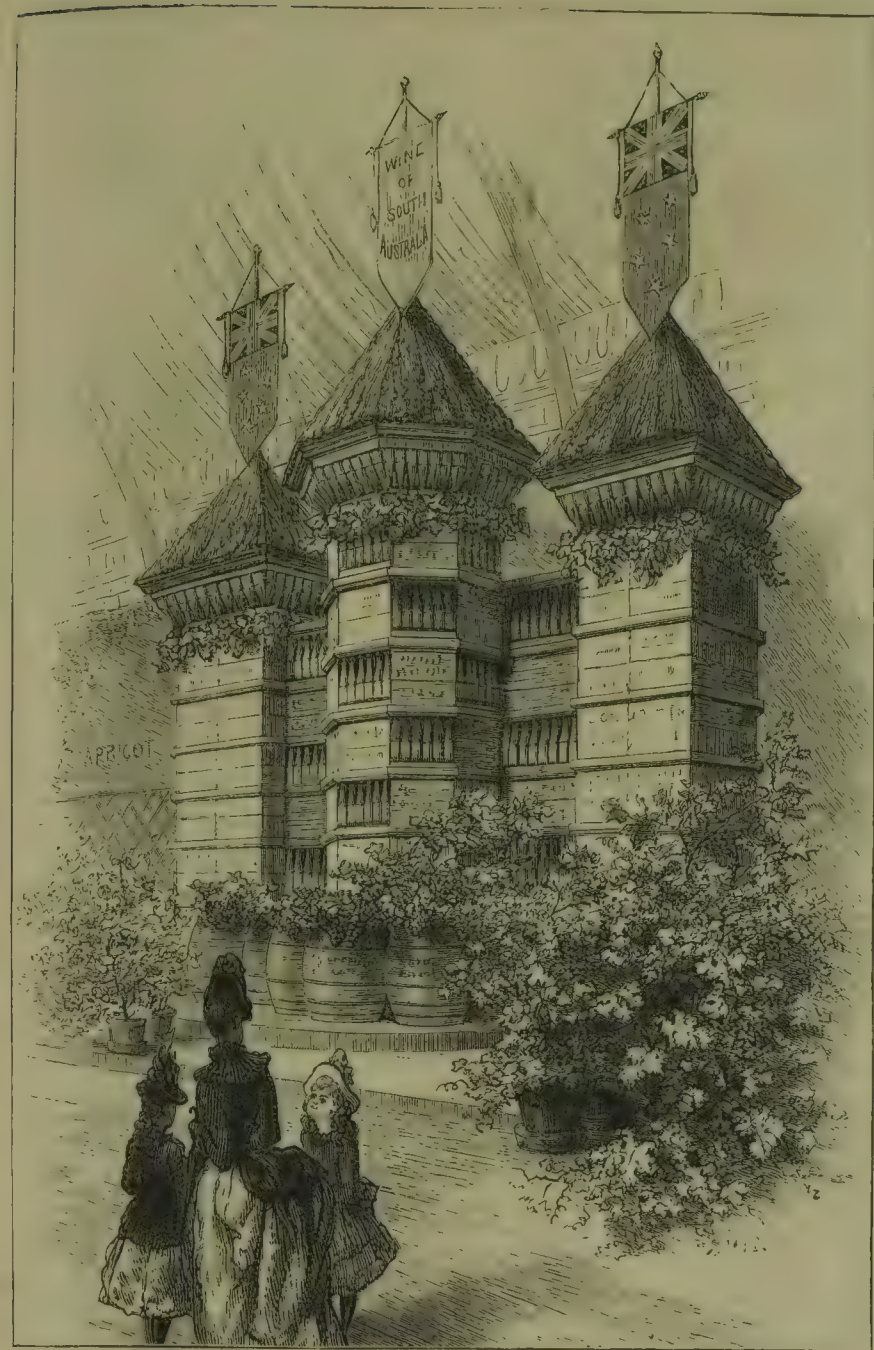


1. Shield of plaited grass.
2. Shield coloured white and red.
3. Shield carved from solid wood.
4. Back view of the same.
5. Bag of charms used in circumcision rites, consisting of pieces of interwoven string, of light brown colour; no women or young men are allowed to see these charms, which are much prized, and are only possessed by old men of the tribes of the Diamantina river, or the Charlotte Waters.

SHIELDS AND CHARMS.

sistence or to carry on war among themselves, these people are fatally incapable of regular and self-dependent industry. They appear to have made no advance in the useful arts. Beyond the accidental invention of the "boomerang," never to their favourite missile, and of the throwing-spear; never to have cultivated the soil, or reared any domestic animals; but to have lived the precarious life of hunters and fishers, often reduced to feed on grubs or worms, in a country

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COURT AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



WINE TROPHY.

which afforded little fruit or spontaneous produce for human nourishment. Their condition must at all times, before Australia was colonised, have been wretchedly poor and low, compared with that of any of the negro nations in Africa, or with those of New Guinea, to whom they seem most nearly related; while there is no comparison at all between them and the Maories of New Zealand or the brown-skinned Polynesian race. It is right that they should be protected, and humanely treated, so long as they exist; yet their rapid diminution in numbers, not from disease, but from the failure of offspring, which is due to physiological causes, is scarcely to be lamented. In Tasmania they have become totally extinct.

At the approach of civilised man the wild tribes naturally retreat to the solitudes of the interior, and it is difficult to

composed, the native blacks will live for weeks or months, until they have exhausted the hunting to be found in the neighbouring woods or streams. Then they move further afield. "They are remarkably expert hunters," says Mr. George Sutherland, of Melbourne, in a recently published book; "and to see an Australian native climbing a tall tree gives one a vivid idea of the power which training imparts to a man's muscles. He cuts a small notch on the trunk as high as he can reach with his rude flint hatchet, and slips into it a looped cord passed round the trunk of the tree. Then drawing himself up with his hands by this cord, he places the great toe of one foot in the notch which he has made, hitches up the looped cord, so as to support himself in a further ascent; cuts another notch, and proceeds in this way till the top is reached. When Tasman and his sailors landed in Tasmania, and saw climbing-marks cut in the trees at six or seven feet intervals, they believed the island to be inhabited by giants. Sometimes the simpler method of passing the cord round both the trunk and the body is adopted, the knees being used as the means of jerking the climber upwards. In pursuit of an opossum or other animal, the native black will exert wonderful patience and endurance in climbing a tree. Of course, the blacks never attempt to climb the monster trees of the high forests. They do not frequent the rugged mountains, but make their camps down in the valleys, where water may always, or nearly always, be found. Wild ducks and fish form a large proportion of their food, and they have many



FRUITS TROPHY.

make any estimate as to their actual numbers. Probably, however, they form to the whites a proportion of not more than one in forty or fifty of the population of Australia. They have no idea of building houses for themselves, but live merely in half-built huts—"mia-mias," as they are called, or "whurlies"—consisting of small screens of brushwood set up with an inclination in the opposite direction to that of the prevailing wind. Underneath the half-shelter thus

ingenious artifices for ensnaring their prey. Ducks are caught sometimes by men who patiently drift out to the middle of a stream or lagoon, having their heads covered by water-lilies. A sudden grab with the hand secures the prize at length, but not before much suffering has been undergone by the hunter. Emus, those large ostrich-like birds which roam over the vast interior plains, are caught by a similar device. The man covers his back with an emu-skin, sets up one arm and one hand in the air to represent the neck and head of an emu, and so gets within easy grasping distance of the unsuspecting birds. Among the forests and the 'bush' the native hunter tracks the kangaroo, or its smaller relative the wallaby, with wonderful sagacity. His skill in this art seems almost superhuman, and in tracking human beings he is equally expert. Bushranger robbers have often been followed for hundreds of miles by black trackers, and brought to justice in the end." We take this extract from "Australia: or, England in the South," published by Messrs. Seeley and Co., which is a brisk and vivid sketch of the general aspects of nature and society there.

The number of visitors to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition last week was 140,533, making the total since the opening 386,111.



CAMEL USED FOR EXPLORING JOURNEYS.



NATIVE KINDLING FIRE BY FRICTION.

AT THE PRIORY OF ST. JOHN.

"In the venerable suburb—it was a suburb once—of Clerkenwell, towards that part of its confines which is nearest to Charter House, and in one of those cool shady streets, of which a few, widely scattered and dispersed, yet remain in such old parts of the metropolis," lived most bewitching Dolly Varden, whose charming figure, clad in flowered chintz, is as much associated with these dingy streets as ever is Charles Lamb's Margaret Newcastle ("that princely woman, the thrice noble"), or even good Bishop Burnet himself. "O maid that hath no counterpart in life's dry, dog-eared pages." This murky afternoon no locksmith's pretty daughter, trim-bodied, bright-eyed, trips before on the grimy pavement; rather are the streets full of burly butchers loading their carts; or slatternly women, of whom Dry Rot has unmistakably taken possession; or weird little old-young children, gathering mud instead of buttercups and daisies, and hailing the passer-by with opprobrious terms. Search as one may, one fails to discover a nineteenth century counterpart of the beloved of Sim Tappertit, the bride of Joe Willet; though of Miss Miggs there are many a score, and even Mrs. Varden is to be seen on her way to market in the fashionable quarters of Farringdon-street.

Taking the same road which the tired feet of Samuel Johnson must so often have trodden, one comes to a great grey gateway spanning the narrow lane. On the right of the building is the sign of a public house; on the left, a notice tells you that the modern Knights of St. John have a quiet station here. This fine arch, once the south gate-house to the Priory, has seen many a brave sight, for red-haired, blue-eyed Bloody Mary has passed beneath it, with rings on her fingers and bells round the neck of her steed, to spend a week of leisure with her friend the Prior; and Shakespeare has no doubt visited Tylney (who licensed all the famous dramas, from "Henry IV." to "Antony and Cleopatra") when the Master of the Revels was in lodging here, what time the rightful owners were banished by the fiery Virgin Queen and driven to Malta. One can see the playwright—accompanied from the Globe by a roystering friend or two—knocking for admittance under the shadow of these very walls; one can hear their jovial voices as the gay figures pass into the quiet sun-flecked courtyard where, a few years ago, the knights, in their red cassocks embroidered with white crosses, were the sole inhabitants. Now, Master Tylney, with his "tailors, embroiderers, painters, and carpenters," sleep in the whitewashed cells, eat in the great refectory, and take their exercise adown the arched and vaulted cloisters which so short a time ago rang with the echoes of the tales of prowess with which the brethren beguiled their leisure hour. The tarnished velvet suits and dusty slouched hats of the play-actors from over the water look strangely out of place in this saintly priory, with its air of repose; as much, indeed, as Tylney himself, who, superintending the Court revels, was always in a coil lest his Royal and imperious mistress should not deign to be pleased with his laborious arrangements. Old Time turns his glass, and Elizabeth sleeps in Westminster, and James is King; the sculptor from over against St. Saviour's, Southwark, is modelling the Stratford bust; the doors of this gateway open wide before my Lord Aubigny, and the children, looking up at the shields of the Prior Doewra graven on the walls, beg for stories of the time when the Crusaders clanked in their gilt spurs about the courts, and lights perpetually burned in that ruined chapel yonder. Soon great noble, and little golden-haired son and daughter desert these inconvenient dark rooms and long stone passages, which no amount of logs can warm; and then gradually, bit by bit, the old place falls into rack and ruin. Now nothing is left of the priory save the gate-house, a stained-glass window over the altar in the dismal church of St. John, the crypt, and a host of memories that fill the square to overflowing.

Inside the rooms—low, panelled, black with age—are extremely interesting, more particularly those on the side owned by the tavern, the half in which the knights have their offices being greatly modernised. From the bar, with its beamed ceiling, one goes up a broad oak staircase to a delightful old coffee-room, where one is transported back into the last century; back to the times of Tony Lumpkin and his Three Pigeons; back to the days when the visitors here wore their hair in powder, and carried swords by their sides. If you listen attentively you can still hear the noise of old Cave's printing-press through the thick walls from the room on the right, and it does not require a person of extra strong imagination still to see, lounging in the fading light, the clumsy figure of Samuel Johnson, correcting the proofs of his "Life of Savage," or snarlingly answering his Lichfield friend, Davy Garrick, who perpetually interrupts, at any hour that suits him, those literary labours which earn Johnson only just enough to keep body and soul together. There is no need to repeat the screen story: everyone knows it; but everyone is not perhaps aware that that odd little scene took place in this very room (who does not remember a charming "Round-

about Paper" on this subject?), and that this corner was the identical one in which the author of "Rasselas" sat in loneliness while Cave entertained Mr. Harte away there by the diamond-paned windows. Very little seems changed. The musty, close air, bottled up all these years, may be of the last century, and full of words, of sentences, spoken by the publisher and his contributors to the magazine; or, perhaps, Garrick's cheery laugh would ring out, or Johnson's growl would sound, if one knew the proper manner of exorcising this dim atmosphere.

Passing out again into the square one meets the neat figure of Mr. Jarvis Lorry en route to visit the Darnays in their footstep-haunted quiet corner in Soho (where the rustle of the plane-tree is soothing moody Sydney Carton); and, before one reaches the church, one stands aside while Guy Faulkes roams by, and Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley," lounges along, whistling "Lilliebulero" between his teeth; and Isaac Walton, with a kind word for everyone he meets, flits past us, noting the look of the grey, cloudy sky, and wondering what sort of a day to-morrow will bring forth. A queer procession goes through the church before us into the dreary, narrow graveyard at the back, where some worthy and wise gentlemen descend worn stone steps into the gruesome crypt, and there, knocking thrice on the coffin known as that appertaining to the famous Cock-lane ghost, they demand, according to promise, the appearance of "Miss Fanny"; but not even the trembling presence of the great lexicographer himself can ensure the raising from the dead of the late Mrs. K., who, in early youth, went to school with the great-grandfather of Mrs. Nickleby, according to that lady's rather confused story. This afternoon, the arched and gloomy vault, though not so disgracefully kept as in the days when Miss Parsons convulsed the polite world of Clerkenwell with her alleged revelations, still possesses an awful appearance of ghostly solitude, terror-inspiring to the last degree. The door of the place is made of an old coffin, which horrible fact might have escaped one's notice had not the guide delightedly pointed it out, tracing, with the crooked finger of a ghoul, the old lines made by the rusty nails. "Here, just inside this recess, stood a coffin for years which was arrested for debt just as they were carrying it down the steps to bury it," he said. "On those iron supports, over that archway, was put the coffin of a sailor's little girl, who died while her father was at sea: last time the vault was cleared out by Act of Parliament, the child was laid decently underground. If I hold the candle like this, and you stoop, you can see the handle of the coffin of 'Scratching Fanny,' the Cock-lane ghost; there, where it sounds holler, is a passage leading ever so far past the gate-house, bricked up now; all behind them walls is piled heaps and heaps of dead folks; the side chapels is full of 'em. Horrible place? Not a bit. The groining of the roof is much admired. Parties comes miles to see it. This way out. Here's a bit of someone's skull."

Outside, in the strip of churchyard, the evening shadows are falling on the graves of the family of Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln; on John Smith or Mary Brown, late of this parish; on the stones recording the deaths of little children and hoary-headed old men. It is hard to believe that this squalid spot represents all that is left of the beautiful Priory Church, embowered in grand trees, and with the flower-scented country lanes close against its walls. Instead of the martial monks of yore—gilt-spurred, steady-eyed—miserable, grinding poverty stares at you through the gates, clad in earth-coloured rags, and with dull, lack-lustre faces; a mean heap of bricks, like a Methodist chapel, has taken the place of the turreted church, the fine white stones of which were stolen by Protector Somerset to build his grand house on the Strand; and here, in this lonely burying-ground, the sun searches in vain for a trace of the stately mansion for which, five hundred years ago, Clerkenwell was so justly famous, and the remembrance of which many and many a day formed the longing day-dreams of the Crusaders at their posts under the burning blue sky of the Holy Land.

The Times of Saturday last, for the fifth time, consisted of three full sheets, or twenty-four pages.

Mr. Justice Stirling and Mr. Roland Vaughan Williams have been elected Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

It has been decided by the Common Council to increase from £3000 to £5000 the grant for meeting the expenses connected with the reception and entertainment of the Colonial and Indian representatives at the Exhibition.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 2147 cattle and 2626 quarters of beef, whilst the preceding week's arrivals amounted to 390 cattle, 7138 quarters of beef, and 304 carcasses of mutton, showing a large increase in the imports of cattle, but a large falling off in the shipments of fresh beef.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. issue a "Meditation," by Gounod, on his song "The Arrow and the Song," a charming vocal piece of which we have previously spoken. The "Meditation" is for violin, violoncello, harmonium (or organ), and piano-forte, and is written with that consummate knowledge of instrumental effects for which the composer is so renowned. It is admirably calculated for drawing-room performance. Messrs. Metzler and Co. also publish two very effective songs by Mr. A. Goring Thomas—"Were I a King," and "Serenade." The first is a setting of Victor Hugo's lines, "Si j'étais Roi," which are given with an English translation by Theo. Marzials, who is the author of the words of the serenade. Mr. Thomas's music is, in each case, characterised by grace of vocal melody and skilful harmonic treatment in the accompaniment. "Eight Two-part Songs," composed by M. Watson, are also issued by Messrs. Metzler and Co. They are for treble voices, and while being, properly, simple in style, are sufficiently pleasing in melodic and harmonic treatment to interest school classes, for which they are intended.

Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.'s recent issues include "Two Names upon the Sand," by J. Spawforth, and "The Old Campaigner," by G. J. Rubini. The first-named song is unpretending in both the vocal melody and the accompaniment, but has a pleasing simplicity and sentiment, in accordance with the text. Some changes of time and rhythm give an effective variety. The other song is appropriately of a more declamatory character, the martial style being well preserved, "Homage au Prince" is a march for the pianoforte, a tribute, by M. Watson, to the Prince of Wales. It is a stirring piece of martial music, with a well-contrasted incidental trio and a spirited coda. Messrs. Cocks and Co. likewise publish "Danse des Vestales," a "morceau de salon" for the pianoforte by G. Ferraris. It has much freakish grace, with a combination of brilliant and delicate passages.

"School Songs," edited by F. N. Lohr (Forsyth Brothers). This is a collection of vocal pieces for equal voices, the first book being for one voice or for a number in unison, the second book in two-part harmony, and the third in three parts. The selection includes popular national airs and arrangements from well-known composers, the voices being sustained by a pianoforte accompaniment. The music is well engraved and printed, in a handy form, and at a low cost; and the publication can scarcely fail to be widely accepted for school use. The same publishers also issue "Victoria's Jubilee" and "The Unknown Land," songs respectively by J. Clarkson and J. Lightfoot. The first is a patriotic and loyal tribute to the Queen, the words and the music being by the same hand. It is a spirited piece, the musical rhythm being well marked and thoroughly English in character. Mr. Lightfoot's song is a very expressive setting of some sentimental lines by A. L. Clough, and may be rendered effective by moderate vocal powers. Messrs. Forsyth also publish "Le Calme de Nuit," a very graceful "chanson" for the pianoforte by the well-known Russian composer Leschetizky, and two pieces for the organ: Raff's beautiful cavatina, originally composed for violin and pianoforte, and here adapted for the "king of instruments" by Dr. Spark; and a gracefully varied "Adagio" by A. Alexander.

Two songs by L. Mayne—"Pack clouds away" and "When Delia on the plain appears"—are settings respectively of well-known verses by the old poet Thomas Heywood and of lines by Lord Lyttelton. Both are flowingly melodious and sentimental, without being affected. Perhaps the first is a little too elaborate in the harmonic treatment of the accompaniment to be in accordance with the comparative antiquity of the words. We have also two songs by F. Rivenhall, "Too Soon" and "Mine." The first has a taking melody of a piquant yet sentimental character; the second being in a more cantabile style, flowingly graceful. Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher, as of "Album of Short Classical Pieces for Piano," arranged and fingered by W. Smallwood. These will be very acceptable to juvenile pupils, consisting as they do of pleasing extracts from composers of various schools and periods.

Commander the Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe has been selected to succeed Commander W. H. Fawkes in the command of the Prince of Wales's yacht Osborne.

Sir Robert Carden announced, at the annual Sheriffs' banquet held in the Haberdashers' Hall, that formal possession of Highgate Woods has been given to the Corporation by the Commissioners, and that the Corporation thus become the owners of those beautiful woods in trust for the people for ever.

The show of the Bath and West of England Society, which will open at Bristol on June 2, bids fair to be one of the largest exhibitions the society has as yet held. About £3000 will be offered in prizes. The show will be held on a magnificent site on the Durdham Downs.

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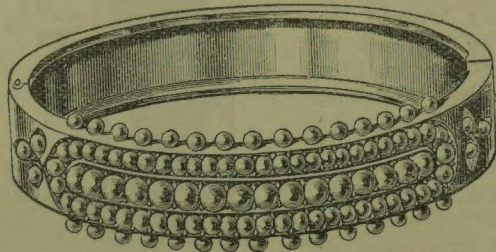
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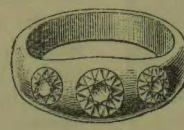
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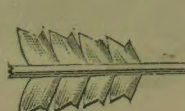
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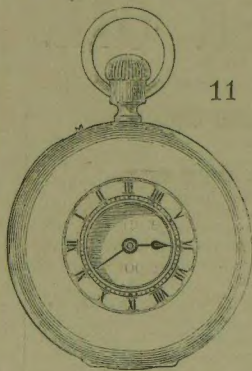
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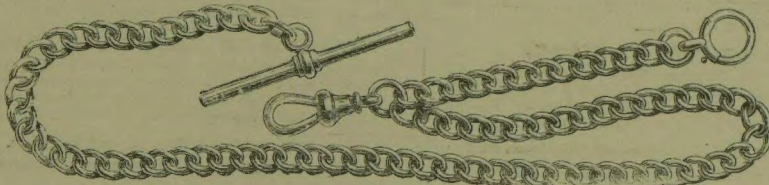
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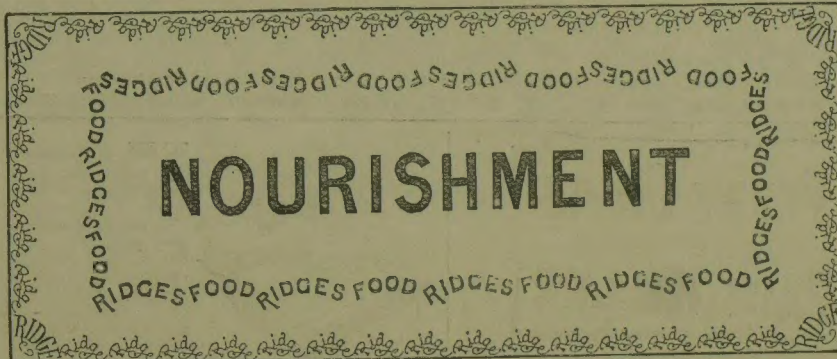
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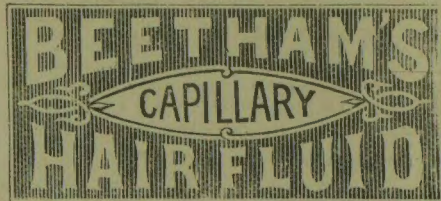
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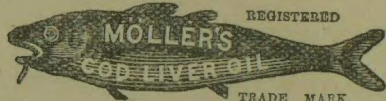
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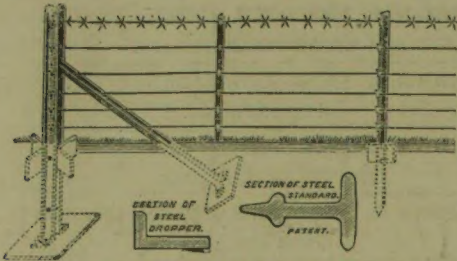
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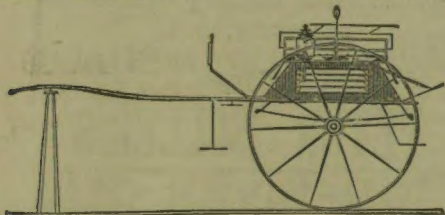
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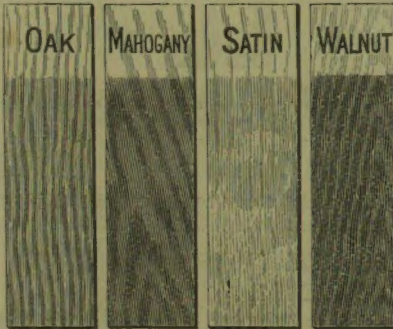
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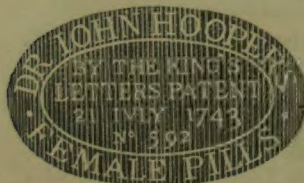
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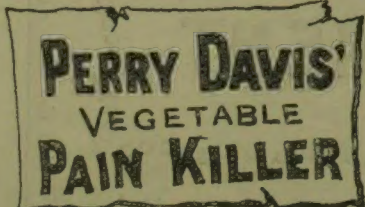
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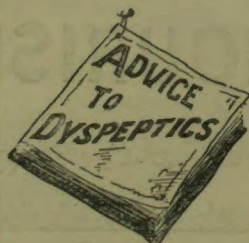
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